

# Film Fun

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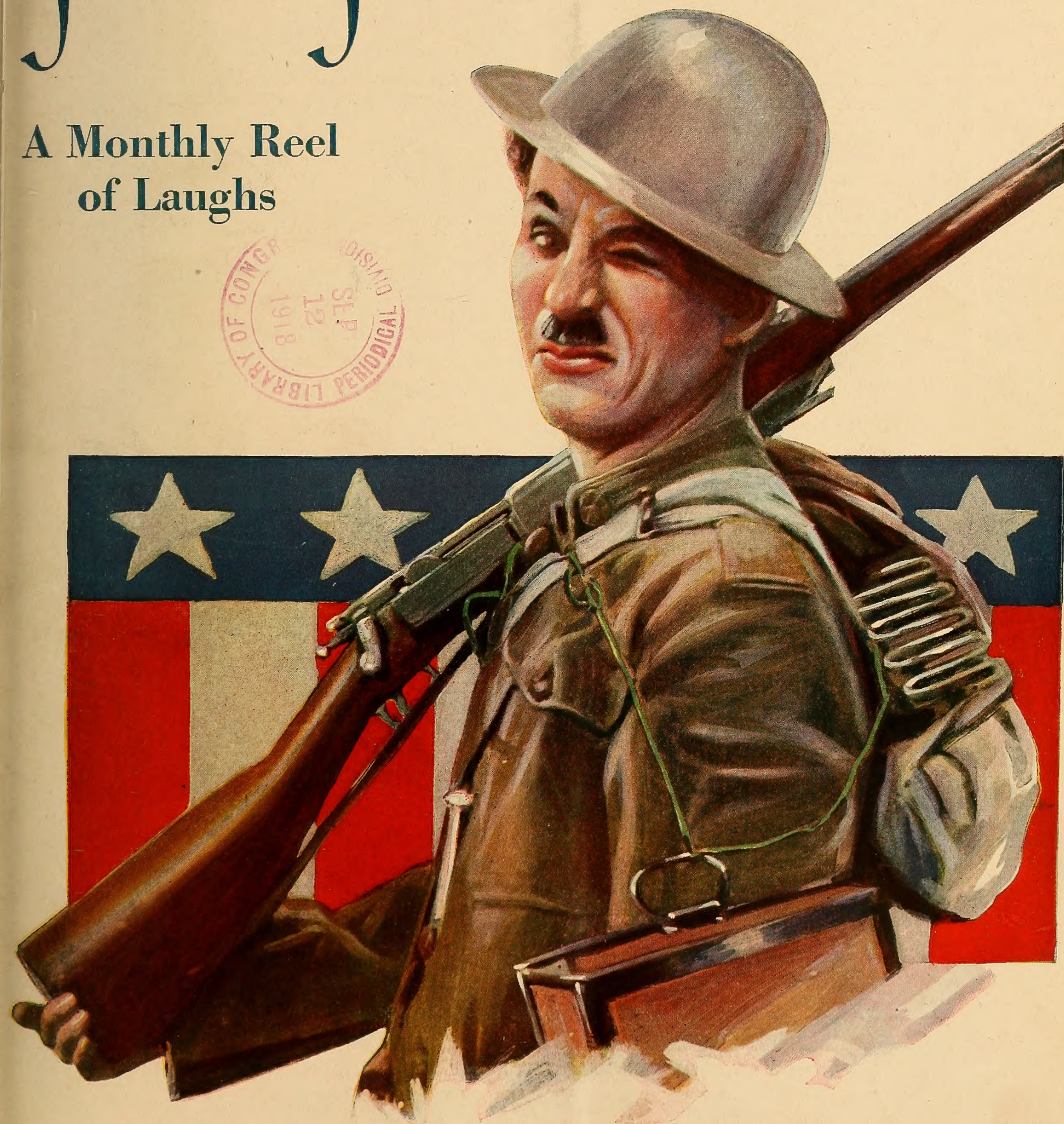
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**OCTOBER**  
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"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"





FOX

With such "location" his, one understands  
The reason for the actor's prayerful hands.

He offers thanks, and thinks it providential,  
That such a job as this is deemed "essential."

# Film Fun

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

*An Independent Illustrated Monthly Magazine  
Devoted to the Best Interests of All  
Motion Picture Art and Artists*

## OCTOBER-1918

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GOLDWYN

*Geraldine Farrar, singing "The Star Spangled Banner" from the steps of the New York Public Library, in aid of the Third Liberty Loan, and in the picture below the crowd that cheered her to the echo and then subscribed for bonds with spendthrift enthusiasm.*

## Buy a Bond

By BERTON BRALEY

IT isn't much your country asks of you—  
Merely to lend your cash for freedom's sake,  
That this great conflict may be carried through  
Until the fiendish Prussian might shall break.  
Thousands of men in khaki give their lives  
Freely and gladly in this holy war;  
If Truth endures and Liberty survives,  
You must back up the cause they're fighting for.

It isn't much your country asks of you—  
Your dollars—not your blood—to help us win.  
While soldiers in the trenches dare and do,  
They want to know, amid the battle din,  
That you are with them, bearing, here at home,  
Your loyal share. Surely you will respond,  
For if you cannot fight across the foam,  
This much you can do—you can Buy a Bond

It isn't much your country asks of you—  
You who are safe where life is bright and fair;  
It asks that with your *money* you prove true  
To those who battle for you, over there.  
You are not asked to face the screaming shell  
Or risk your life where cannon boom and throb,  
But just to help the boys in all that hell  
By lending cash to arm them for their job.

It isn't much your country asks of you—  
Only to lend your dollars, not to give,  
That everything we hold as fair and true,  
Decent and human, may not cease to live.  
If you would keep your land from Belgium's fate,  
And save your freedom, *now*, you will respond.  
Back up our boys who fight the Hosts of Hate.  
Your Nation calls—for God's sake, Buy a Bond!



BAIN PHOTO



# Flash Backs

*Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips*

THE pretty girl crop in California has not been blighted, but they still consider it necessary to Hooverize—on raiment.

The answer man in "The Classic" is called on to explain that it was Shakespeare, and not Francis X. Bushman, who wrote, "Parting is such sweet sorrow."

Word comes from Metro's West Coast studios that music off scene has been discontinued. What they've done to the salary list is all any player needs to enable him to "register sorrow."

A close-up of a "h'ant" in convincing postures is promised us in "The Ghost of the Rancho," a five-reel comedy drama featuring Bryant Washburn and Rhea Mitchell. Who's afraid?

Darrell Foss has sold his alarm clock and invested the proceeds in thrift stamps. He says all his Hollywood neighbors are named "Hennery" and what's the use of an alarm when a simple cock-a-do'll do.

The way to keep Young has been discovered in California. Clara Kimball has decided she will make pictures hereafter until further notice in the West Coast studios, where the coal shortage ceases from troubling.

"Neither measles nor matrimony for a year from date of execution of this contract" is what any girl who wants to work for the Christie Films Company must agree to. 'S all right. But why couldn't they have put in "divorce," too, if they don't want any distractions?

"The Great Water Peril" isn't prohibition propaganda. It's a Toto comedy—the last of this series, after completing which this favorite funmaker will return to vaudeville. Seems a bit queer that this picture immediately follows his "Dippy Daughter."

Win-the-war enthusiasm is exactly what one who knows the West would expect to find out there, but it may be carried a bit too far. Aileen Percy reports that the tombstones in the old cemeteries she lately visited in San Diego carry the sign, "Wake up! Your country needs you!"

Madam Olga Petrova visited thirty-five cities in forty days' time and raised nearly a half million dollars in a War Savings Stamp tour. Then she was asked to donate the tattered raiment which survived the strenuous struggle, and the two worn gowns were auctioned for a considerable sum.

A flashback—well, what else would you call it? Seattle to New York, over the Lincoln Highway, Mrs. Linda A. Griffith, our Free Lance contributor, is driving her own machine. The best run so far recorded for one day was 160 miles, into Spokane. She will tell you all about it next month.

Los Angeles at last has smirched its record for being accessible to any location for any clime, race, creed or period of time. A director searched in vain through the former "beer belt" for one of those saloons with a frothing

stein frescoed on its front. Never mind. If they'd found it, think what the censors would have done to the film.

Ethel Barrymore, in "Our Mrs. McChesney," will make a winning picture, a feature of which will be a genuine fashion show, with well-known models wearing the latest creations. Women who want to see this photoplay will have to go early to avoid the rush—of men—some of whom explain their presence in such large numbers at these dress rehearsals by saying they believe in "preparedness."

How film folks do revive old fashions! Here is Charlie Chaplin "taking the cake." The *Green Room Magazine* of Australia awards each year an enormous and luscious cake to the favorite of stage or film whose work has contributed most to "the gayety of nations." This year they have declared for "A Dog's Life." The cake, now in transit, required considerable cargo space.

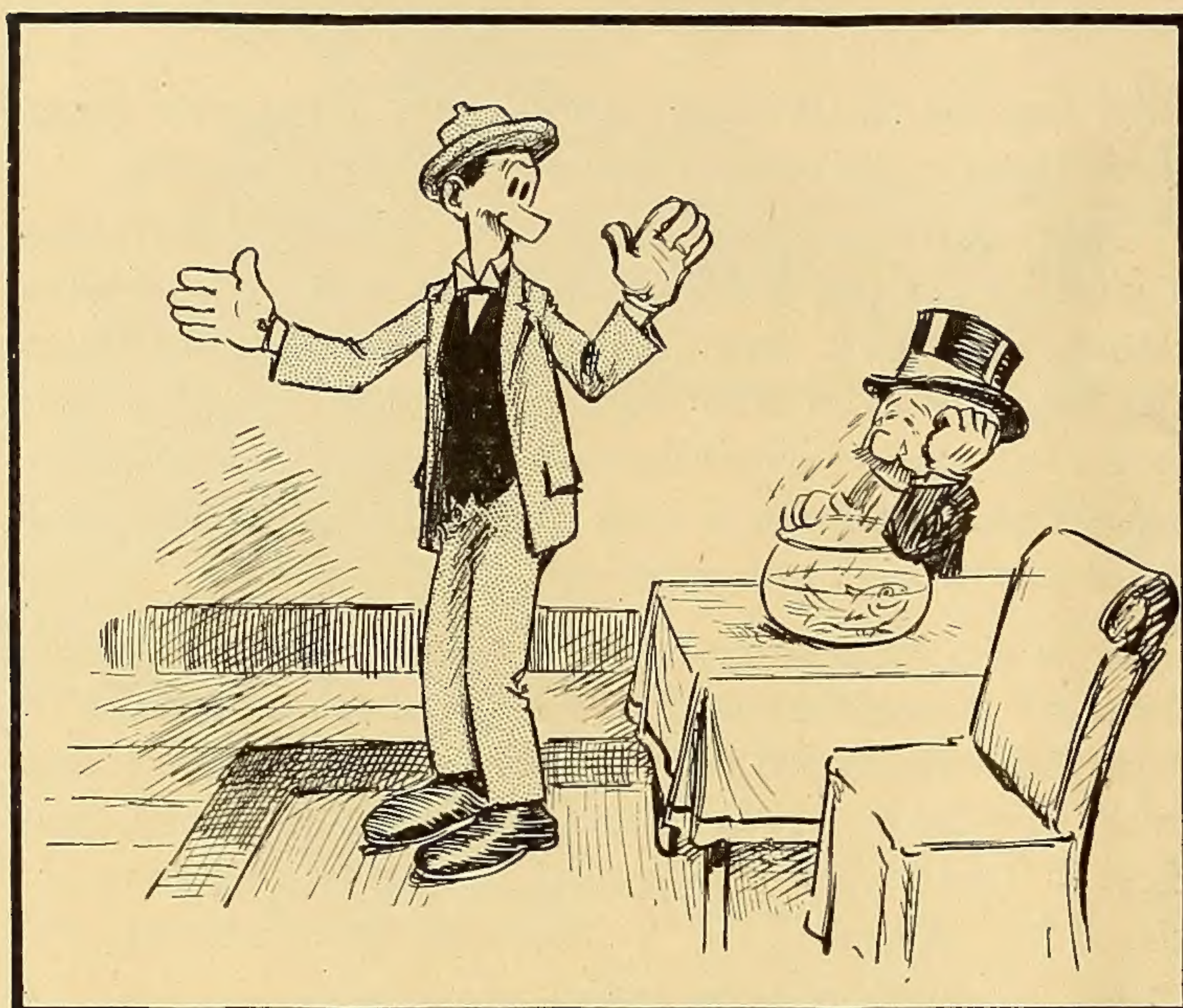
Why doesn't some one of the many valorous ones who suffer the misfortune of having been born too soon to get into active service arrange a fashion show of uniforms? More than twenty different styles for women in war service so far have received government approval. Louise Glaum says a good many more would enroll for service if there was any way of finding out if one would look well in the uniform she would be required to wear.



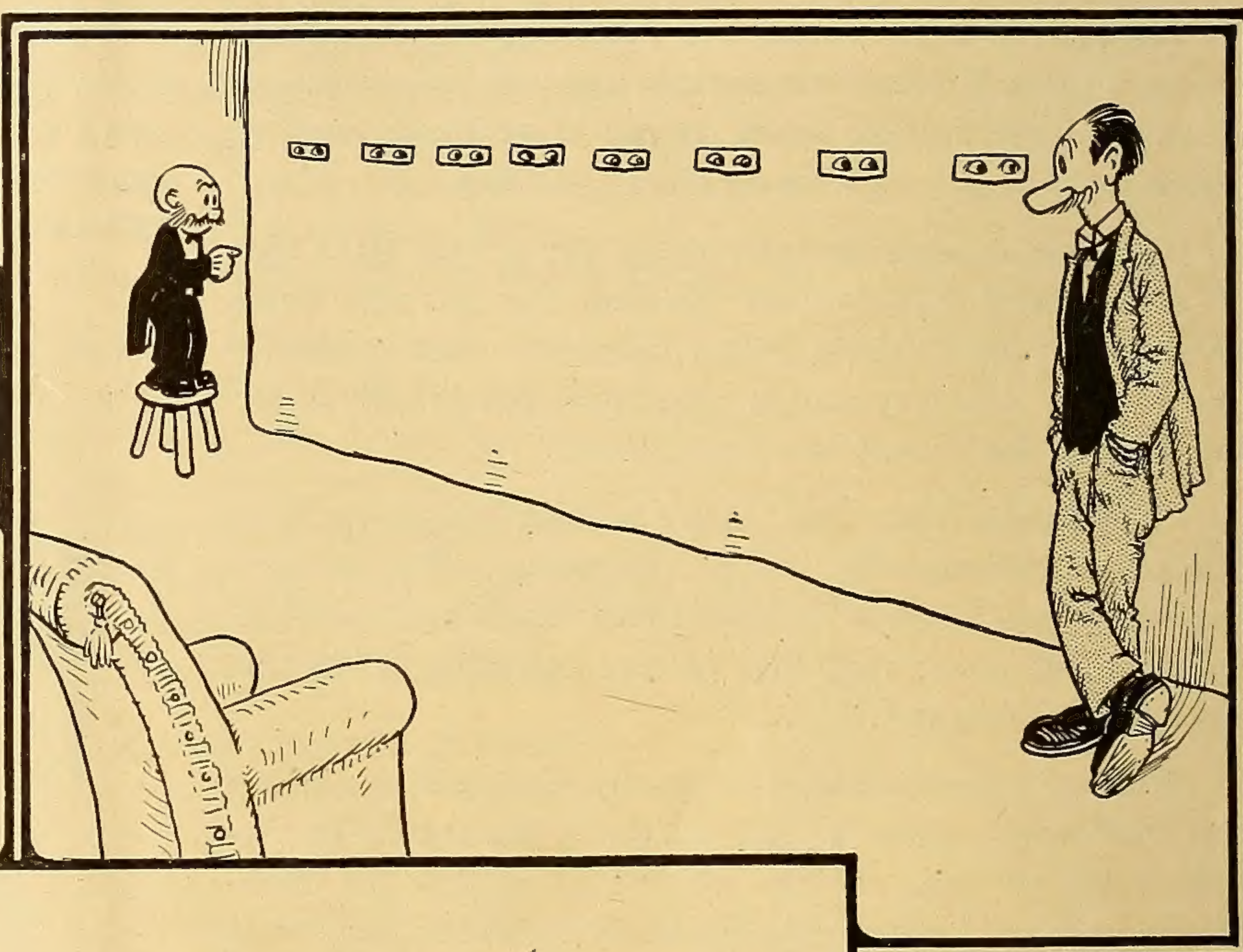
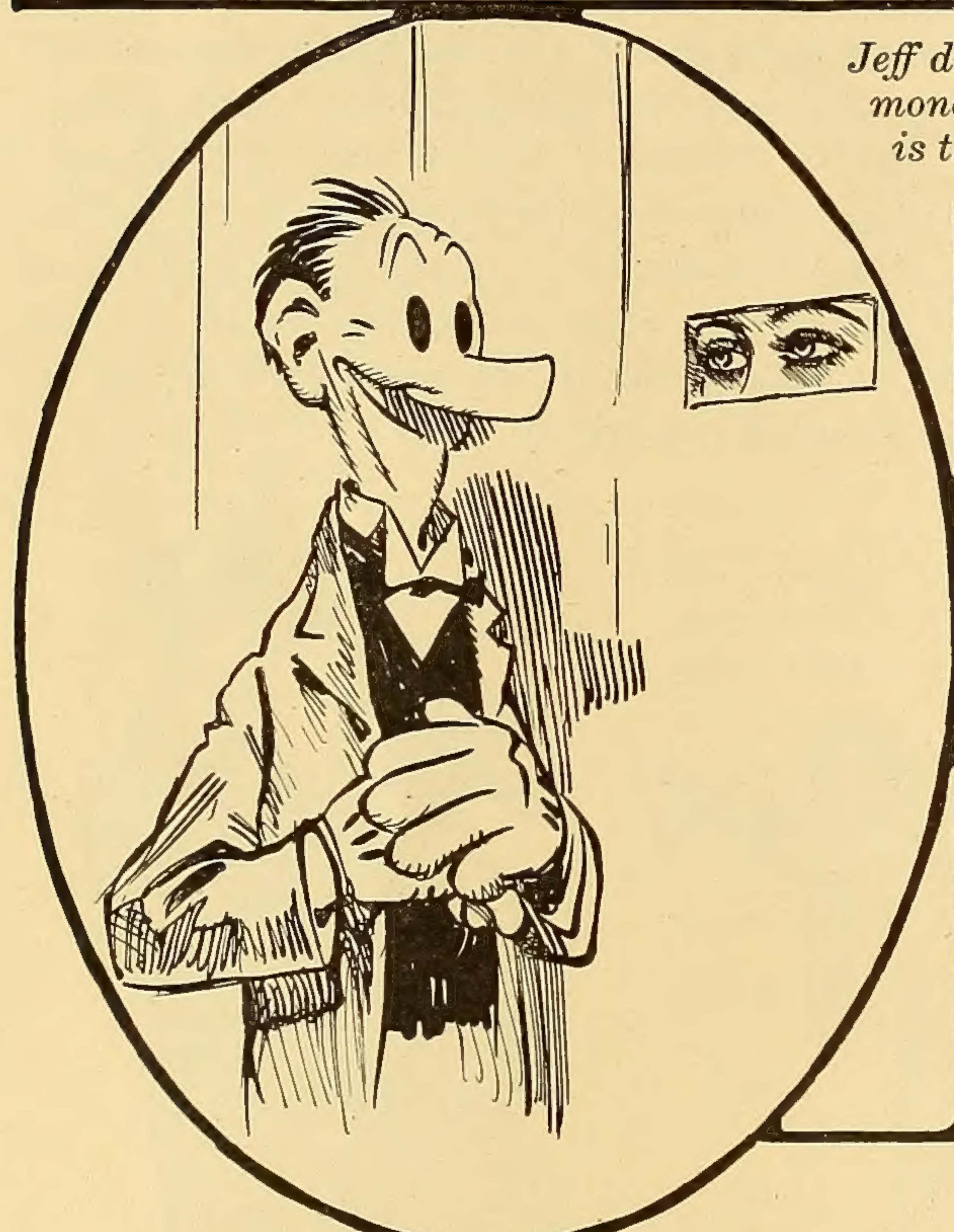
When this director says "roll over," "jump through," "walk lame," or "play dead," they all do it, and don't you go to thinking you'd be the exception, for there's never been any.



# The Movie Firm of Mutt and Jeff



*Jeff drowns the goldfish with his tears on hearing that some one has left him money. Mutt bears up bravely and suggests that the quick way to fortune is the motion picture business, with an investment in Vampire Preferred.*



*"Give their eyes the once-over; that's the way to tell Vampires," says Mutt, knowingly.*

With the Katzenjammer Kids elevating the screendom stage, the movie debut of Mutt and Jeff came along as naturally as a brick in a comic supplement. The secret of movie success being the signed contract of a reliable



*But all is not Vamp that glitters. The producing firm resolves to call for a new deal.*

*So the Vamps report at peepholes in a sheet and await the big decision.*

Vampire, the producing firm of Mutt and Jeff take novel steps to land a lure-lady. The proof of the Vampire is the spell of her eyes. This is good theory until the management takes a back profile view. Then the eyes no longer have it.



# What the War Has Not Done to the Films

By EMMA LINDSAY SQUIER



TRIANGLE

*Enid Bennett "demonstrating" that although wars may come and wars may go, we will always have M. M. M.—meaning men, money and movies.*

**“W**AR Kills Movies! Mars Lays Iron Hand on Realm of Cinema, Throttling Silent Drama!” Such was the startling headline in a Los Angeles newspaper a few days ago, and it came as a brutal shock, since no one had suspected the motion picture industry of being defunct or even decadent. The article, written by a reporter with a ninety-mile imagination and a seven-passenger vocabulary, arrayed similes, metaphors and hyperboles in vivid panorama to describe the passing of the silver screen. The male stars had all gone to war or were going; hundreds of “extra men” were being nabbed daily as non-essentials; the price of celluloid had risen sky-high, and railroad rates made film shipments impossible; exhibitors were closing their doors, as their patrons were spending money for thrift stamps instead of entertainment. Outside of this, things were as usual.

It was a picture to make a film fan weep or a producer cuss. Being a retired newspaper person myself, I took the outburst with as much salt as Hoover would permit and went out to Hollywood to see what was or wasn't happening to the movies.

No crape hung on the doorknob at Lasky's studio nor did the place have a deserted air. True, there was quite a bit of knocking going on, but it was being done by carpenters in a strictly legitimate manner.

Cecil B. De Mille was hard at work in his Gothic studio, which looks like a cross between a church and a hunting lodge, being done in severe dark oak, with stained-glass windows, hung with trophies of the chase, and carpeted with woolly bear rugs and Three Weeks tiger skins. When I broke the news about the movies' death, he seemed surprised.

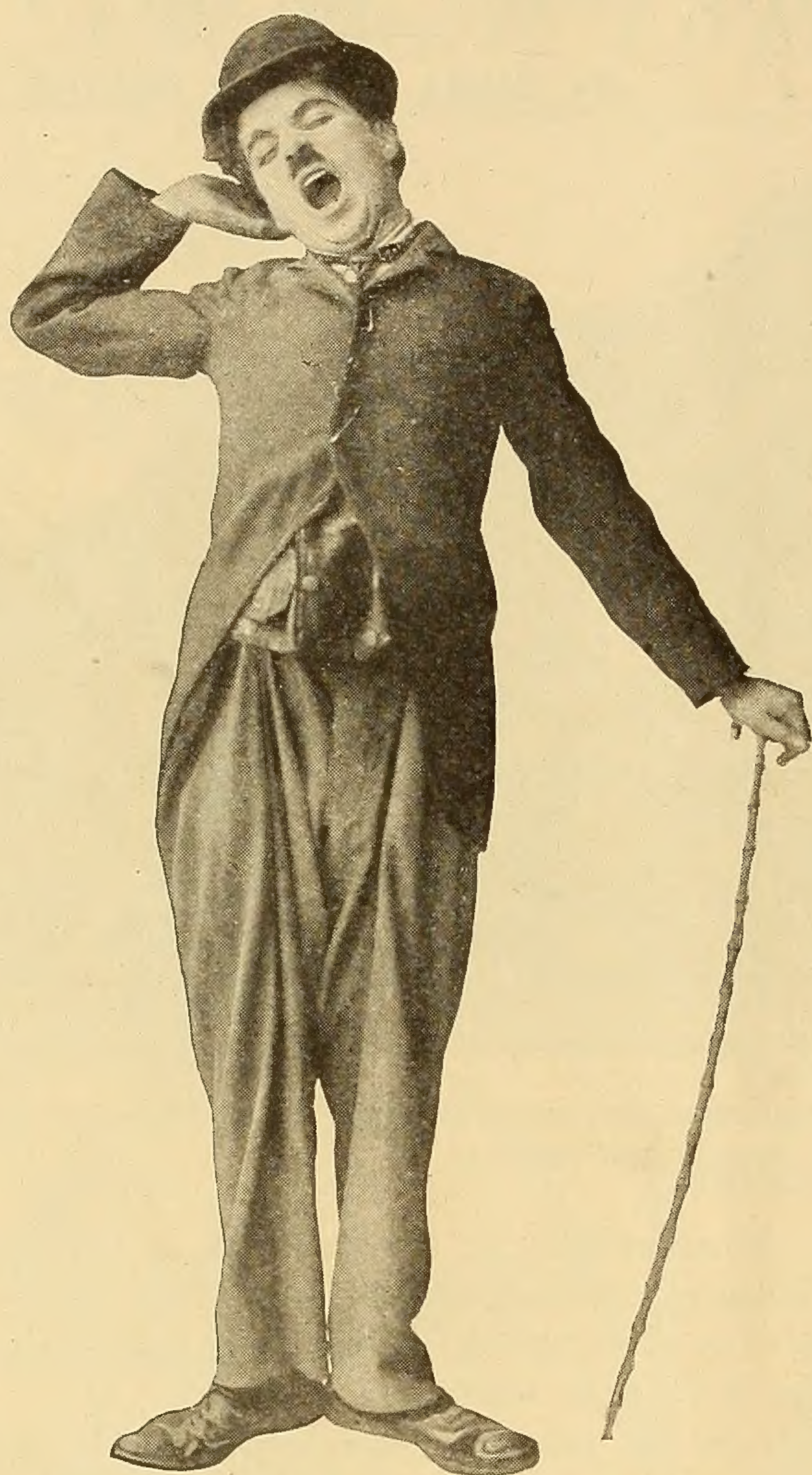
“Hadn't heard of it,” he remarked. “I'm working on three new features and expect to get at 'em right away. Someone has been misinformed. Stars — oh, of course, many of them have gone to war, but enough remain to make all the pictures we can turn out from now until Berlin surrenders. As for extras, they can arrest five hundred, and we'll find two hanging around where before one had feared to tread. As for celluloid prices, railroad rates and expenses generally, they may go heaven-high, but bear this in mind: we'll always have—M. M. M.”



PARAMOUNT

*A wizard of the West Coast studios, Cecil B. De Mille, whose magic spells are cast from this studio, a cross between a church and a hunting lodge.*





*Madame Bernhardt wished she could do  
"zat walk, so drole, so fonnies."*



"Meaning Mary Miles Minter?" I hazarded.  
"Absolutely not," he denied. "I mean Men, Money, Movies."

When I went out on the lot, I noticed that Mary Pickford's little gray bungalow dressing-room was fenced in with barbed wire. I asked whether it was to keep Mary in or the reporters out, but it was neither; it had been used as part of a detention camp set, in a war picture not yet released. By the way, "Little Mary" isn't working now, being on a well-earned vacation at Santa Monica Beach. The bungalow is quite like Mary—petite, dainty and different. It is fitted up a la Japanese, a sort of artistic hang-over from "Madame Butterfly," with sliding doors, lacquered furniture and everything of a Pickford minuteness, except the 'phone, which is life size.

Out on stage four a gentleman in khaki was being helped into a facial bandage which completely covered everything except eyes and mouth.

"What's the idea of hiding the geography?" he was asking of the administering director.

No, he was not a wounded war hero, merely Fred Stone, late of vaudeville fame, who was thus being swathed to be "shot" in a scene of "The Goat," his last picture before

he returns to the stage. The story concerns the fortunes of an ironworker, who has the misfortune to resemble the leading man of a movie company and is induced to "double" for him in some hazardous stunts with laughable results. The picture will show a great deal of the inner workings of the movies and ought to appeal to those fans who like to peep behind the scenes.

On another stage Elliott Dexter and Ethel Clayton were finishing a picture, and Elliott, whose voice is as soulful as his eyes and whose appearance is perfectly thrilling, even if he does need a haircut around the neck, told me that his next picture would be "The Squaw Man," directed by Cecil De Mille.

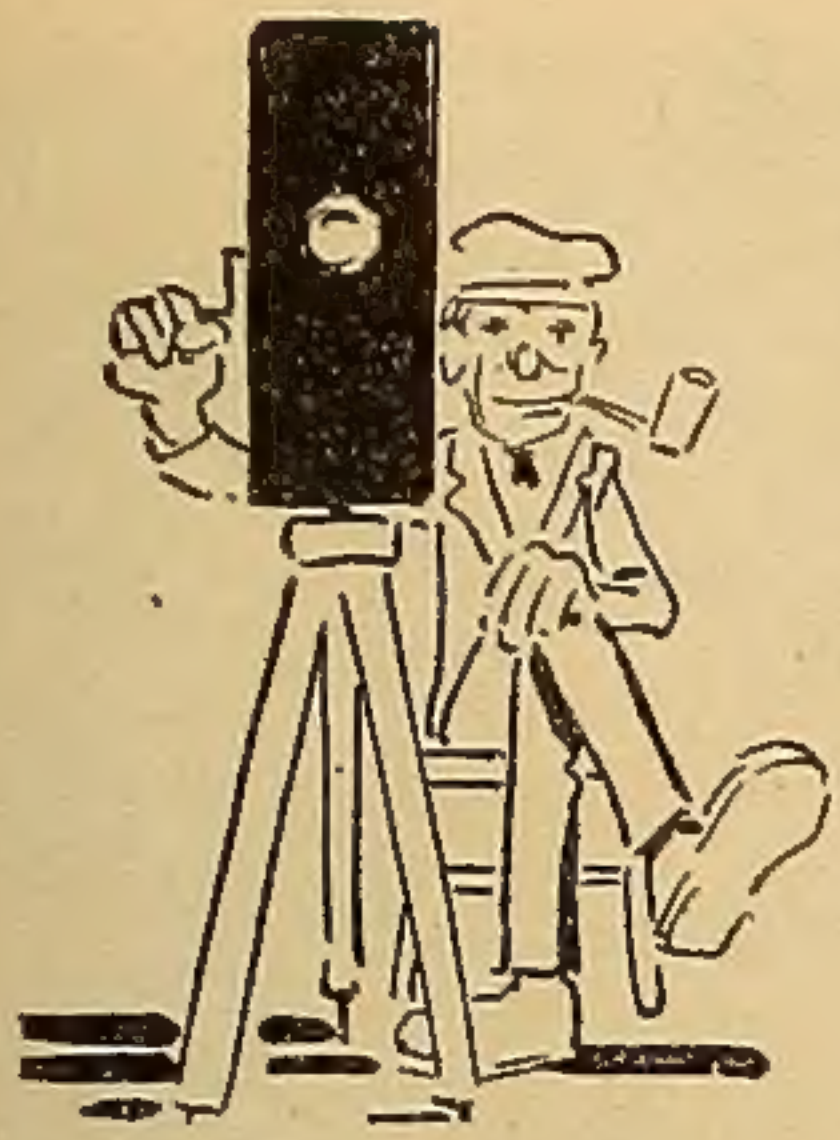
That was the first picture Mr. De Mille ever directed out West, many years ago, and they ran off the oldtimer the other night in the projection room, and it was—*funny*.

Clara Kimball Young, of the magnificent eyes and gowns, is taking a vacation in New York, having finished "The Savage Woman." It is taken from a French story, the title of which, literally translated, would be "The Wild Woman." And that, coming as a September (Morn?) release, would never get by the censors!

(Continued on page 30)



# Those Flattering Films



Next to an unretouched photograph, the moving picture screen is the greatest flatterer in the world. It doesn't flatter those who appear in the pictures so much as those who sit in front and watch them.

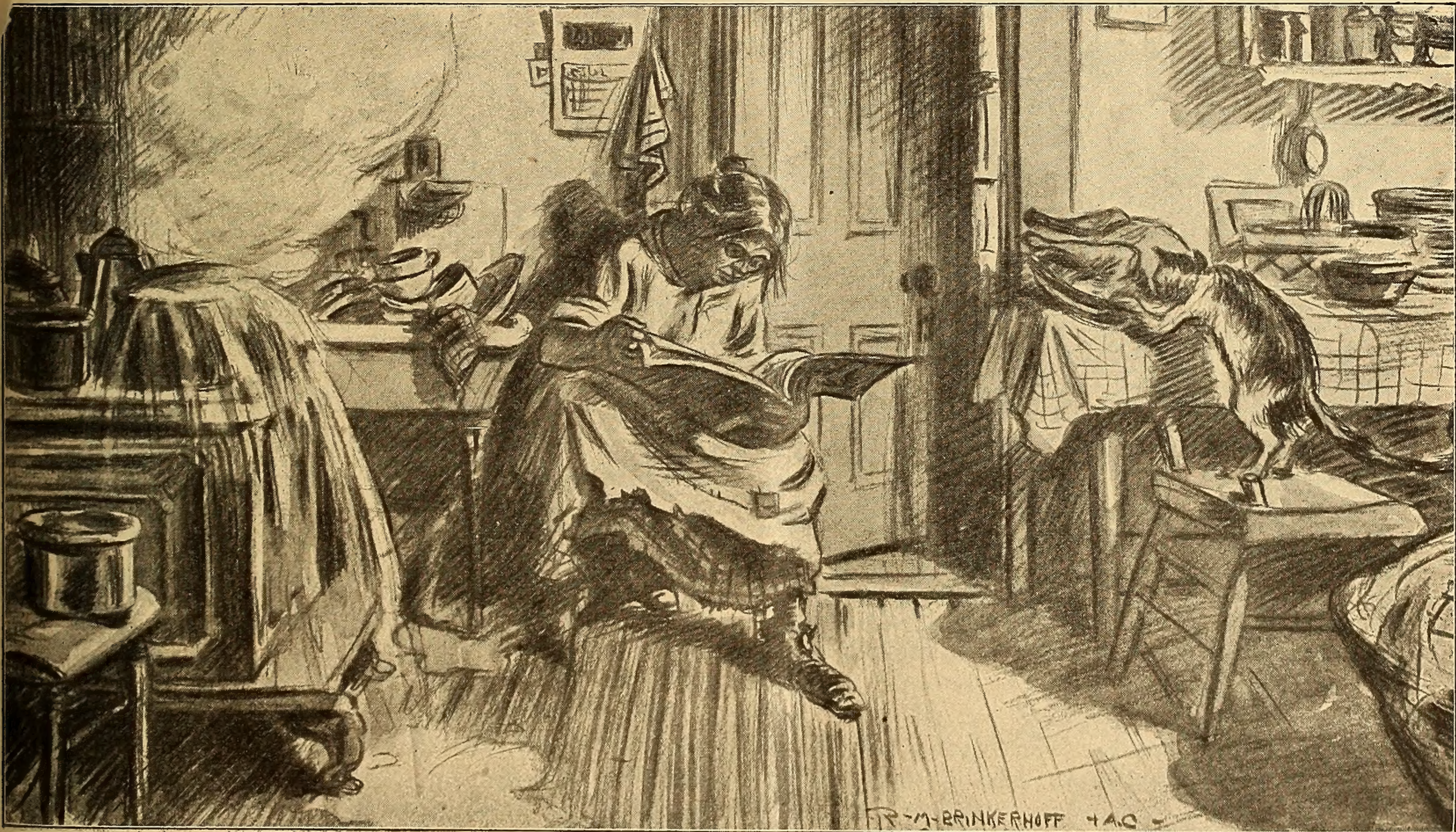
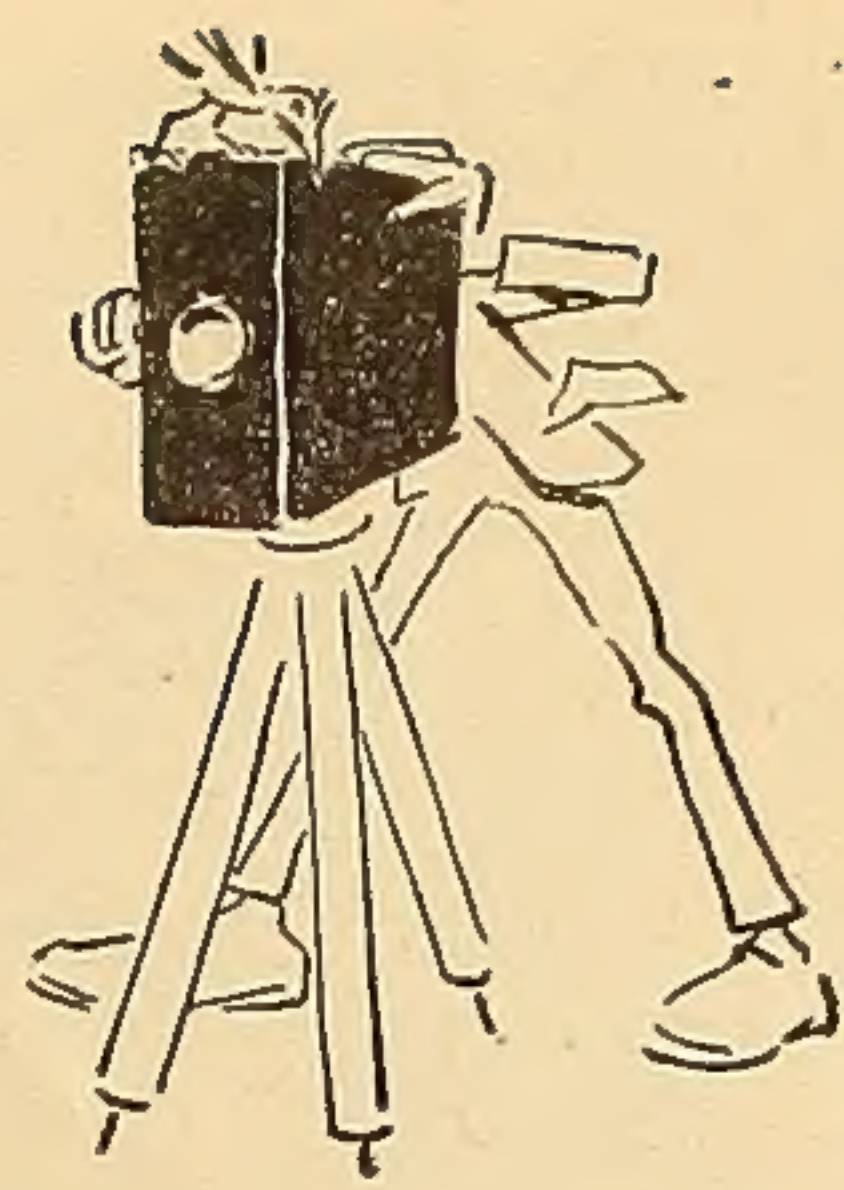
Nobody can attend a moving picture show without being reasonably confident that he has assimilated everything. It is not like the spoken drama, where one learns, on picking up the paper the next morning, that he missed just about half the subtleties in the performance and came near losing the big idea of the whole thing. Everything is right where all of us can get each detail without effort, and in grabbing those details we find great matters for self-congratulation. Just as an instance, a picture of a young man is flashed upon a screen. He is sitting at a table, in a dreamy attitude. Finally there appears in the upper corner of the picture a portrait of a girl. The portrait appears slowly, as if through a mist. The young man's features take on a rapt expression. Everyone in the audience knows he is thinking about his sweetheart, as visualized in the upper part of the screen. A fat traveling salesman who Emma-McChesneyizes in crockery whispers loudly to his wife, "He's thinkin' about his girl," and then shakes hands with himself because of his cleverness in discovering the point and his quickness in making it known. The fat man is confident that he was the first in all that large audience to discover what the young man on the screen was

thinking about. Then the young man in the picture takes up a desk telephone—something which no interior scene is without nowadays. Whereupon the fat man whispers, louder than before; loud enough for the row to hear:

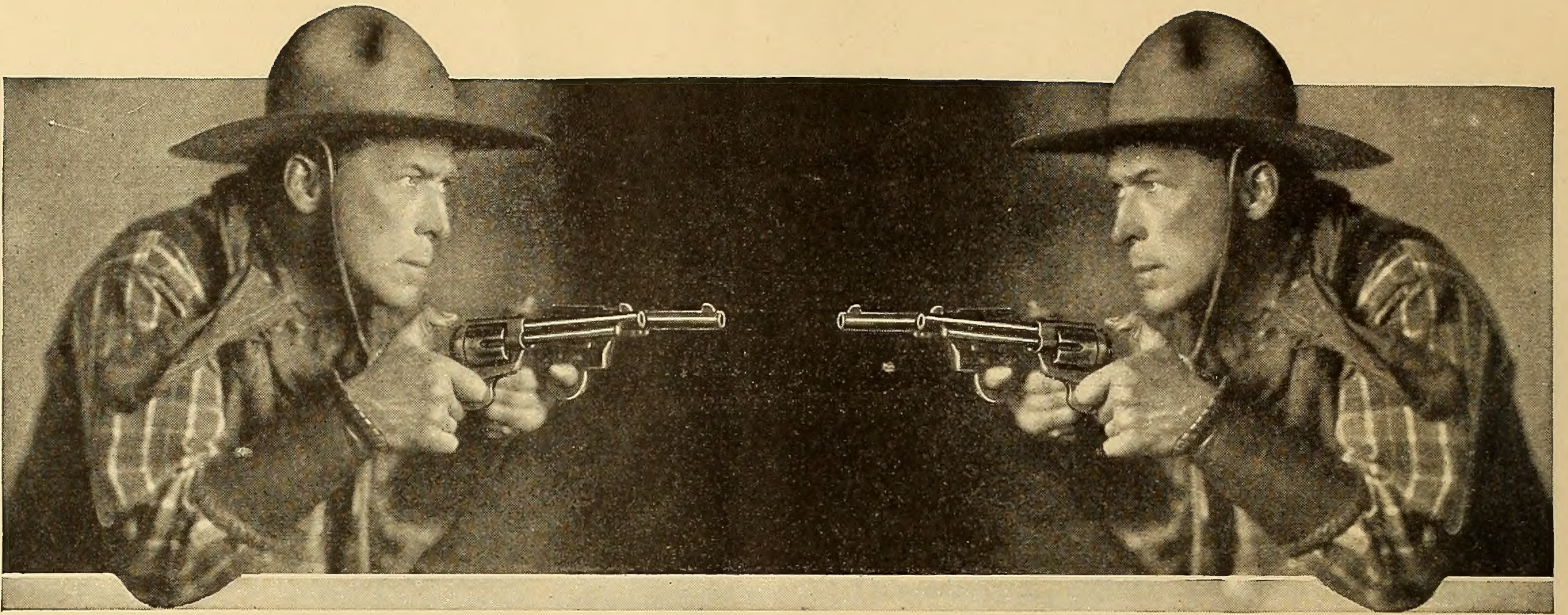
"He's goin' to telephone to her. Didn't I tell you?"

Marvelous perspicacity of the fat man! The young man does telephone his sweetheart, who is seen answering, and who, of course, is none other than the young woman whose portrait appeared on the screen in the guise of a mental image.

The fat man scores another putout for himself. Before the evening ends, he scores forty putouts without a bobble—a record which the star shortstop in either big league could not equal. He goes home shaking hands with himself as a clever guy. Quick thinking, that, guessing those situations as fast as they came up. Not many could do it. And several hundred in the theater are thinking in the same strain with the fat man. They have caught everything the playwright threw to them. He didn't fool them for a quarter of a second. They could even tell how the play was going to come out almost two deep breaths and a gasp before the hero grabbed the heroine for the final fade-away clinch and kiss. Thus it is that the movies are getting in their evenings of insidious flattery and sending everybody home supremely pleased with himself, in good humor with his neighbors and content with his job.







## A Hart to Hart Talk

**“W**ELL, well, Bill, it looks as though I'd got the drop on me, doesn't it?”

“It sure does, William. There isn't anybody else who could have done it so neatly.”

“Or done it at all, for that matter, when you come right down to it.”

“You said something then, William. How does it seem to me to be looking in the face of a gun or two that won't weaken?”

“Very odd. In all my experience as a bad man, I never quite felt the same sensation. In a way, of course, it's a big relief.”

“A big—what? Relief?”

“Yes. You know, oftentimes I have wondered whether there was anybody in the whole wide world who COULD get the drop on me. I'm not conceited. I felt sure all along that there must be a real he-man somewhere who could put it over, and that some day I should meet him. Now that I've met me and know the worst, it's a relief, as I told me, to get it done.”

“But suppose it isn't over? Suppose I pull one of these triggers and shoot me? For, you know, I've the devil of a temper when I'm roused, William.”

“I know you have, Bill.”

“You've often seen my lips get tight and work in that deadly passionate way of mine, haven't you? And there isn't any girl around suddenly to reform me and make me good, you know. I'd just as soon shoot me as not, I feel that desperate.”

“You wouldn't shoot a chap who had honestly turned square, would you, Bill?”

“That's just the point, William. I wouldn't believe me under oath when it comes to that turning square business. You're always reforming and always backsliding. If I let me go, the chances are that I'll ride right up the nearest canyon and rob an army pay wagon.”

“You want to remember something before you let fly, Bill.”

“Yes? What's that, William?”

“You're in as much danger from these guns as I am from those. Let's make a duel of it.”

“But I might kill me!”

“If you did, that would be suicide, and suicide is a crime. Nobody does that in the movies except weaklings and ruined men. You're not a ruined man, are you, Bill?”

“Not while the movie game is as good as it is, William. Before I'd kill me, I'd shoot myself. Let's put up the guns and be pals.”

“Done! But you're just about the only fellow I would lower my guns to, I want me to understand that!”

“I get you, William. Let's hike over the divide to the opposite page and have a look at Charlie Chaplin. He'll make me laugh, and I need a laugh now and then, never doing much of it in business hours.”

“Say, Bill, there were only blanks in those forty-fours of mine.”

“I knew it all the while, William. Same with my guns. No wonder we weren't scared of us!” —A. H. F.

### Waiting for the Climax

Eddy, little Bobby's playmate, was asked by a motion picture company to pose for them. Later, when the picture was produced, Bobby went to see “him.” Eddy played a very thrilling role of escaping from the pantry with a glass of jam just before his “aunt” went in search of him.

Bobby sat through the show, eying his playmate a little jealously, and then every day that week found Bobby spending his nickels for a front seat.

The manager of the show, becoming curious, asked the

reason, and Bobby replied: “Some day that woman's gonna ketch 'im, an' I wanna see the fun.”

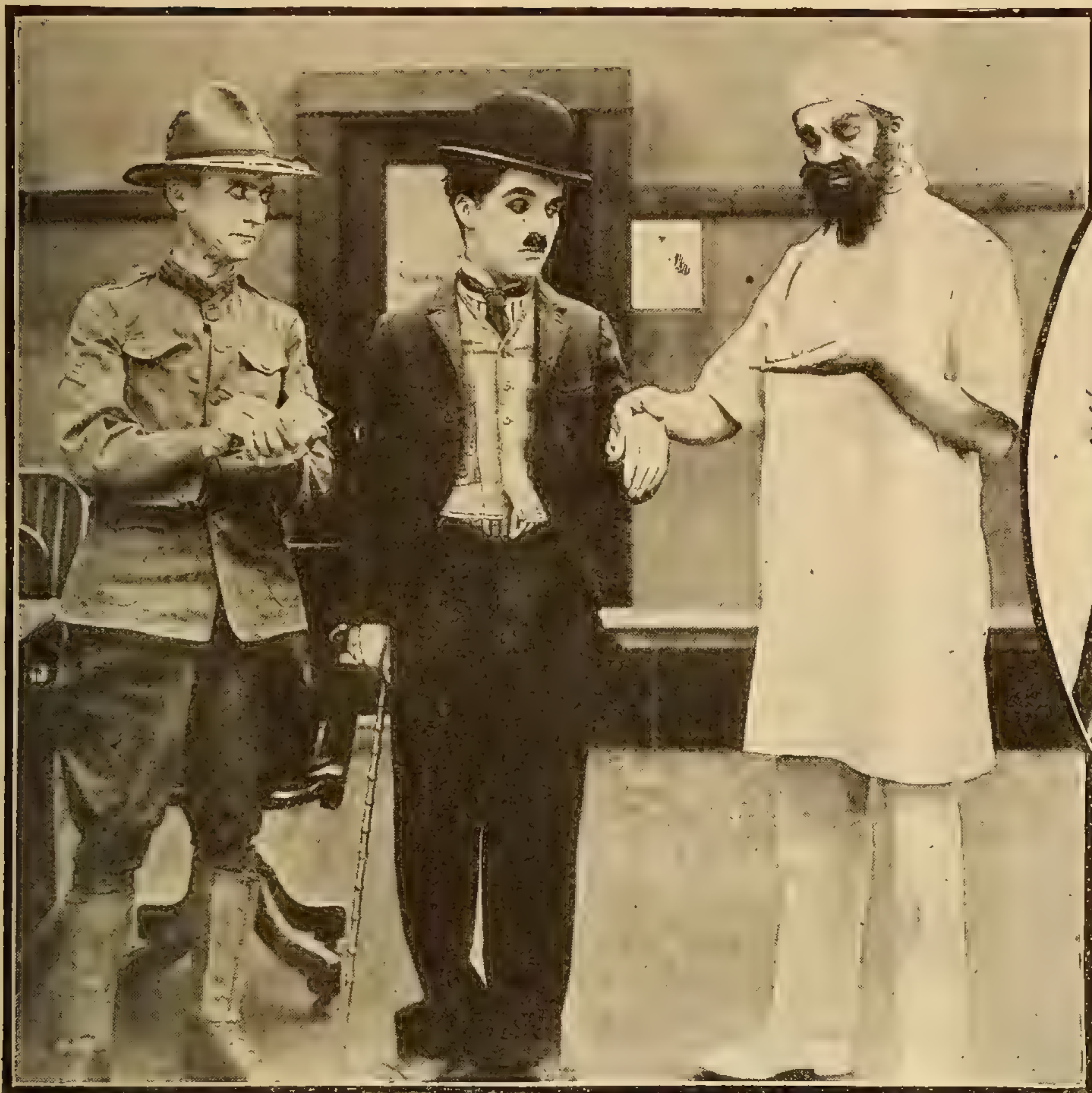
### Modern

*She*—I think that the constellations are very nicely named. There's Cassiopeia's Chair, Berenice's Hair, Great Bear, and——

*He*—Ah, but think of the names we could have given them in these days: Mary Pickford's Hair, Charlie Chaplin's Cane, Fatty Arbuckle's Pants, and so on.



# Charlie Chaplin Goes Over the Top

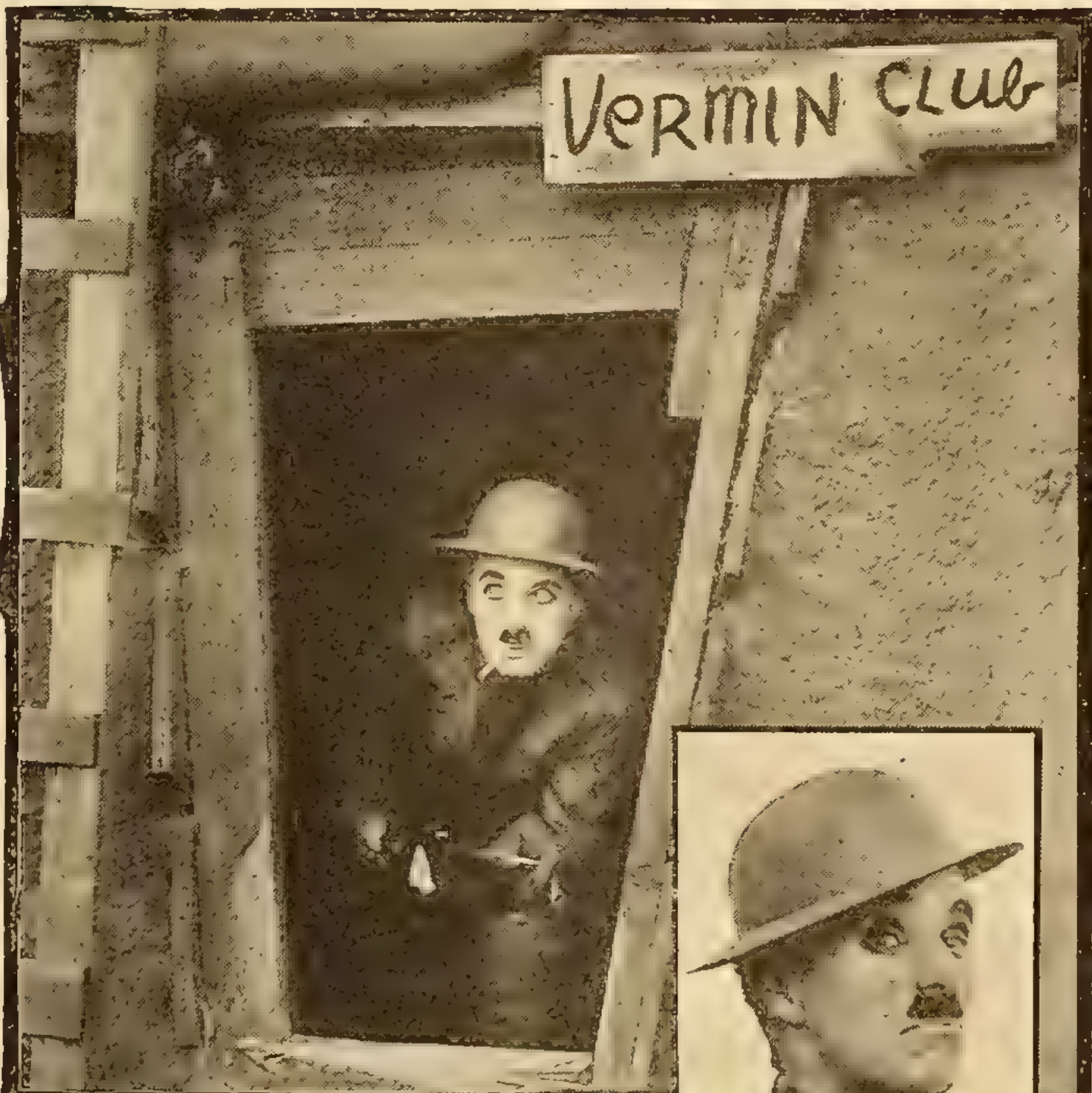


*Cheerful Charlie about to deliver a heavy marching order, coffee pot, feed bag and all the rest of it.*

*The physical examination by the Draft Board. Despite the wan, despairing Chaplin eye, one cannot help feeling that the Doctor will get what is coming to him.*



*The face and bearing of a hero; also a hero-worshiper, Miss Lucille Cavanaugh.*



*Charlie's fighting face; grim-visaged war against the Hun or, it may be, the Cootie.*



*An Army Chaplin.*

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, in a screen version of the war, is booked to arrive at about the same time as the Fourth Liberty Loan Drive. Indeed, it is rumored, and not denied, that Secretary McAdoo had something important to say as to Charlie's appearance in khaki. From the dinky derby

and the bamboo cane to the tin helmet and the army rifle is a transition which this page graphically illustrates. The name of this rift in the war clouds is "Shoulder Arms."



# EDITORIAL

## A Song of Sixteen Thousand Shirts

THE Stage Women's War Relief, when August returns were in, had sent abroad sixteen thousand baby dresses, made at their own cost and under their own supervision, from material they procured. They've sent hundreds of comfort kits. Their accomplishment is something to be proud of, but the baby dresses are the banner achievement.

The stage women—and that means the film favorites, too—have always had their own original ideas to work on. This time they invaded clubs, barber shops, billiard parlors, hotel lobbies and other meeting places of men, and tacked up in a conspicuous place one of the little garments, explaining the need for them and how they could be made from clothes no longer serviceable. The men responded “manfully.” They co-operated gloriously; their enthusiasm seems to wax rather than wane.

Indications are not lacking that the haberdashers, as well as the refugee babies, are rising up to call the stage women “blessed.” Which is as it should be. Among the workers who remodel the garments many war widows find congenial employment to meet their needs.

## A Hint to Exhibitors

IN ALL cities throughout the country where there are training camps and cantonments, there are stranger lads with no place to go. Why don't you give them a night each week at your show-shop?

There is a motion picture and vaudeville house in New York, which we have quoted before in these columns, where they sing “God Save Our Men,” at which such a plan is in successful operation. This is about the way they do it: They issue an invitation, let us say to the Red Cross, to give a theater party. The Red Cross accepts, saying that about 300 nurses will be there. The house buys and reserves that number of the best seats in the auditorium—front rows, center. Entertainers interpolate a few special numbers that fit the special guests, and as one of the boys said: “Good feeling is flagged a-comin’ and a-goin’.” There's no chance at all for the guests to spend any money.

We know of the following: A matinee to convalescents returned from the front—there were 400 of these; a party of the British-Canadian boys, 180; another, of 280, from the French battleships *Marseillais* and *Gloire*; another, 290, allied soldiers' and sailors' night; and still another, over 300, of the boys from the *San Diego*, with the band from the battleship *Huntington* as escort. That it has turned out to be an excellent thing for the house from a business standpoint is another demonstration of the truth in the old saying that “fame and fortune usually come to the men who have been thinking vigorously of something else.”

We hope you may think it an experiment worth trying.

## We Believe in Signs

MANY automobiles in the city of New York, a goodly number of which belong to movie folks, carry a beautiful sign upon the windshield, and the finer the car, the more the sign enhances its worth. It indicates, too, that the spiritual equipment of the owner is fine and fit. They are to be seen in Rolls-Royce cars and all intermediate grades, clear through to the “flivver” of the year-before-last. The lettering reads: “Men in the service, RIDE, if you are going our way.”

Many a soldier and sailor boy will gladly bear witness that these signs mean what they say, for many a weary stranger has tried hailing a car that carries one, and been carried in comfort on his way. The boys are “for it,” and the car owners who are trying this out as one way of “doing their bit” are recommending it to their friends as better than worth while. We would like to see the fashion generally adopted.

## The Star System

THE greatest stars of theater and opera are appearing in photoplays in greater numbers than ever before—Geraldine Farrar, Enrico Caruso, Ethel Barrymore, Fred Stone, Jack Barrymore and Anna Case, to mention only the most noted names appearing in casts of photoplays to be released in the early autumn. The plays in which they appear are suitable and are staged faultlessly. There could be no better opportunity than these pictures will afford the fans for deciding for or against the star system, with the enormous outlay it involves, which, of course, the picture theater patrons must pay. The box-office verdict may be awaited with interest.



SELECT

WHO WOULDN'T BE PINCHED FOR SPEEDING?

Norma Talmadge, newly appointed deputy sheriff of Queens County, should do much for the county treasury.





*No, this miserable old couple won't have to go to the poorhouse. They are prosperous young New Yorkers, employed by a film company.*

## The Coming Era

I HAD been away from New York six weeks. Great changes are apt to take place during these prolonged absences, and I was hungry for a glimpse of the Great White Way. It was barely seven when I hustled out upon Broadway, and they were just beginning to turn on the electric signs that blaze along that famous thoroughfare.

I paused before the Umphsteenth Street Theater.

"Rollo in the Country." Thus read the electric sign over the entrance to that historic playhouse.

"Praised by press, pew and pulpit," stated the posters flanking the doorway. I rubbed my eyes and wandered on.

"Elsie's School Days." This sign held me for an astonished moment in front of the Frivolity, home of doubtful screen dramas.

"Pure as the driven snow," was the supplementary indorsement.

In front of the Rotter-

dam Avenue Theater I encountered the rotund manager of that house.

"What's the matter with Broadway?" I stammered.

The manager grinned.

"You mean these pure films?" he responded.

I nodded feebly.

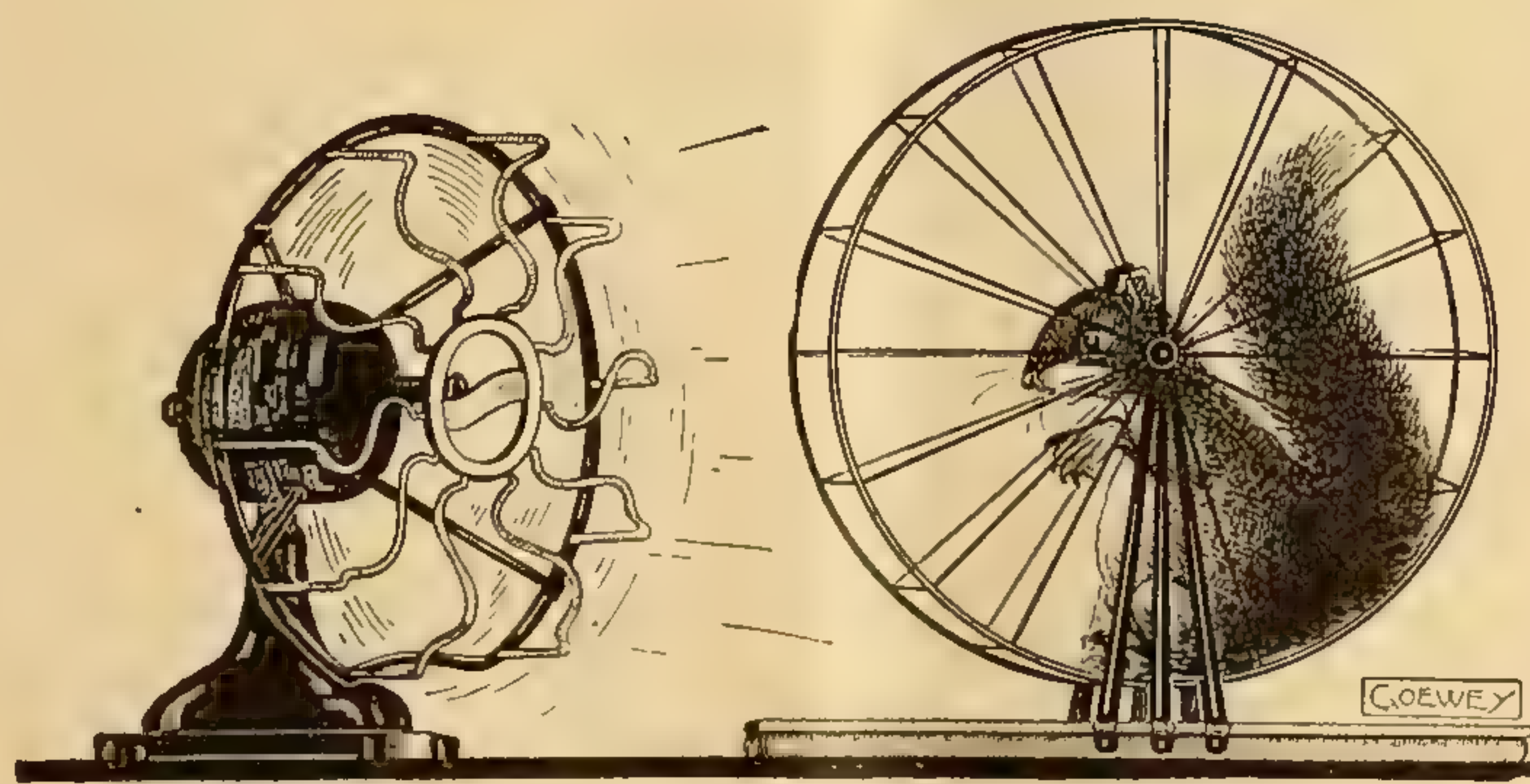
"Well, you see, New York was tired of crook dramas and red-light shockers. There was bound to be a reaction. The pendulum has merely swung the other way; the strictly

pure movie holds the boards now. I've got the greatest of them all," he boasted.

He touched a button, and his own electric sign flashed up:

"Our Native Wild Flowers."

"It's a knockout, my boy," chirped my friend, the manager. "It's a clean knockout, and a package of cubeb cigarettes goes with every orchestra coupon."



### THE GENERAL COMPLAINT

*The Squirrel—That's the trouble with these moving pictures. They send 'em through too fast.*



# Living Their Parts



A new picture of Preska Sheek, of "The Destitute's Fame."



The creator of "Polly," the heroine of "In Poverty's Grip."



Leisure moments with the charming "Nan," of "Hope in a Hovel" (3 reels).

## Then and Now

1888

"GOOD-MORROW, friend! How fares the world with thee?"

"Well, and yet again well, friend. And how with thee?"

"Inspiringly. Never have I had a more uplifting journey with my fellows of the doublet and hose in the realm known as the provinces. We played our entire repertory of thirty-seven classical dramas, and everywhere were we greeted with crowded houses. The populace seems to love in exceeding measure the dramas of sweet Will Shakespeare. Our great star—forever honored be his name in the annals of the American stage!—was never more inspired. His *Hamlet* caused the pit to rise at him again and again. His *Macbeth* was acclaimed till methought the roof would fall on our heads. His combat on Bosworth Field brought the wildest plaudits of all, so masterly is his art of the fence. Faith, I can hardly wait till this night, when we appear in that delicious comedy, 'Much Ado About Nothing.'"

"As you say, good friend, 'tis a privilege to belong to our profession in these days. May the hours never grow less inspirational to the actor. Our brave star—and may her memory always be kept green by the American public



Leila Passemeterie, the star of the 5-reel success, "Famine Days."

—appeared in the roles in which she has endeared herself to the playgoers of all our centers of cultivation. Her *Beatrice* proved something to conjure by, and her *Rosalind* is something ever to treasure in the memory. To act with her is to be transported into an elysium of delight, so great an artist is she. To-night she appears as *Juliet*, and methinks she will have the whole house in tears, as is her wont, as a tribute to her art in the tomb scene."

"Au revoir, comrade, for I must be off to rehearse our next production, 'She Stoops To Conquer'—in faith, a witty play."

"Au revoir! I, too, must be at my daily task of memorizing my next role. To-morrow night we stage that brave tragedy, 'King Lear.'"

(Both actors shake hands formally, and exit.)

As It Is in 1918

"Hello, Mike!"

"Top o' th' mornin', Adolf!"

"Whatchu got on?"

"Oh, our back number of a film director's still nuts over that chase stuff. Gotta hike all over seven counties in cowboy costume, chasin' a Mexican outlaw."

"Whatchu know about me? I gotta jump off the Pali-





*We are no other than a moving row of magic shadow shapes, that come and go,  
'Round with the sun-illuminated lantern held in midnight by the Master of the show.—Omar Khayyam.*

sades in a parachute. Yet us jumpin' actors don't git no more mazoom than you simps that jest have to set in a saddle and ride all day."

"Well, what's the jumpin' you boobs do to havin' a fool livery horse stumble and roll over you seven times? Besides, when I'm through wit' dis here chase, I gotta pile inter an ottymobile and come down to the salt front and jump into the green waves, rescuin' a loidy what's t'rowed off a pirut ship."

"Well, I gotta jump into water, ain't I? And when I get dried off, I gotta hike downtown and be t'rowed out of a skyscraper window by a gang o' counterfeaters."

"Gee, I envy dem old-time actors what didn't have

nothin' to do but come out and talk lines from Shakespeare or some of dem old guys."

"I'd like to see what'd happen to Shakespeare if some of his junk ever got to our director in scenario form."

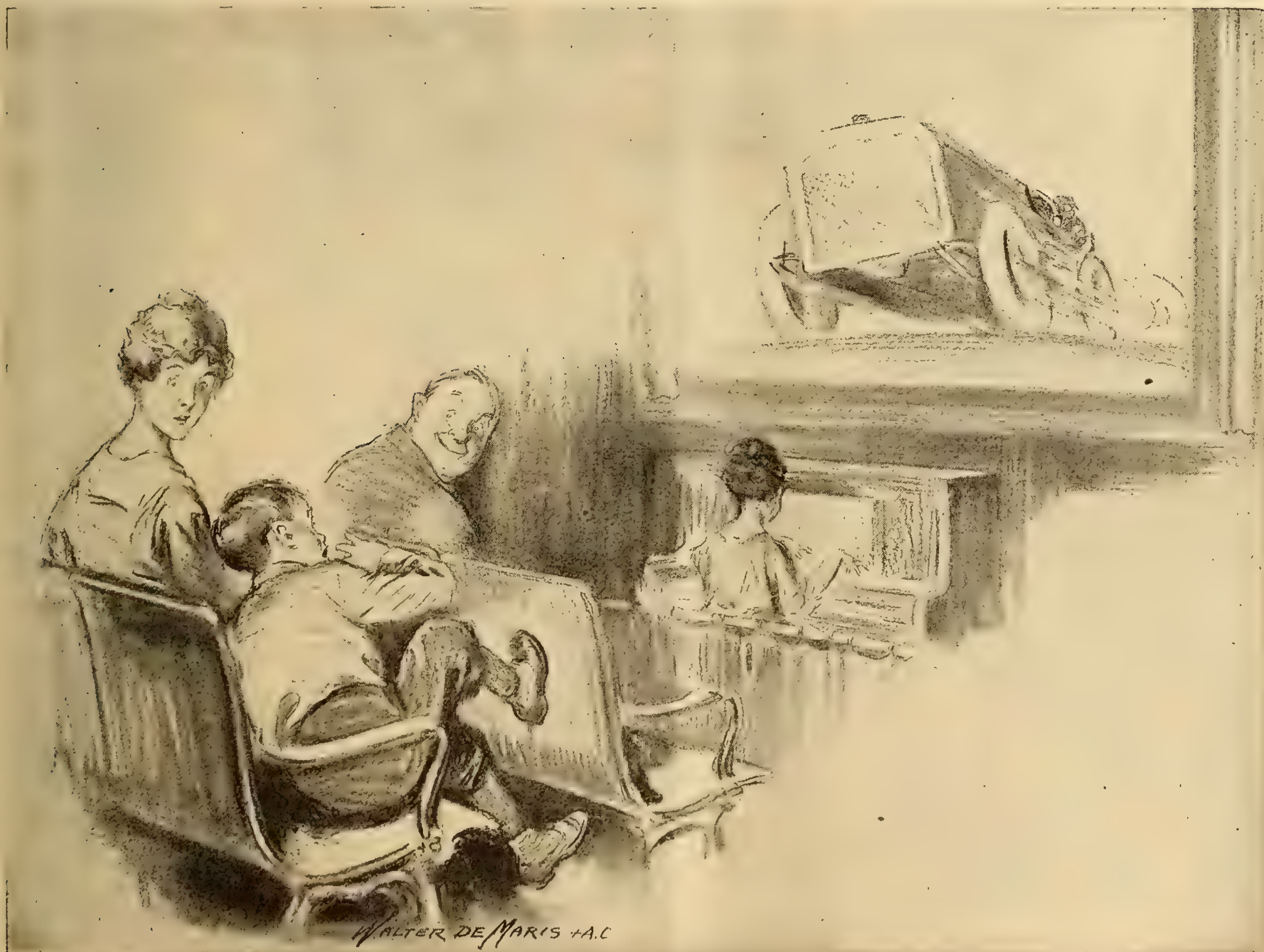
"Why, he wouldn't be one, two, 'leven! You gotta put some zing in your dope dese days. People won't stand for this art fer gosh sake game no more."

"And you betcher gotta be a real actor in dese days of ridin' and jumpin' in front of the camery."

"Surest thing! What'd them old Booth and Barrett supporters know about doin' a forty-foot fall?"

(Both sarcastically)

"Haw, haw!"



"LOOK OUT, MOTHER!"



# "My Cousin Caruso"



*Luigi Veddi, the cousin, yields occasionally to moments of darker musing.*



*A tense moment in Roberto Bombardi's restaurant when Veddi's attention is called to the arrival of his famous cousin at the little sculptor shop across the street.*



*His leisure hours he greets with a voice of gladness and the joyfulness characteristic of the Italian people.*



*Veddi at work upon the statue of his famous cousin which he believes will bring him good fortune.*



*Caruso, in the costume of Pagliacci, is discussing with director Jose the opera house scenes.*

PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT

In this comedy the great tenor plays two roles, *Caruso*, and *Luigi Veddi*, a sculptor. The latter's life is dominated and his ambition fired by the fame of this cousin. From the gallery he and his sweetheart hear the opera "*Pagliacci*," and afterward he models a figure of *Caruso*, and takes the gift to the tenor's hotel. The visit is resented as an intrusion. On the following day *Veddi* sends a boy to bring back the little clay figure. From this messenger the singer learns the truth about the cousin, the sincerity of his motives and the worth of his work. After looking at the little statue and recognizing the artistry of it, the singer makes haste to *Veddi's* studio and commissions him to reproduce in marble the plaster cast. *Caruso* and *Jose* have worked into the story the temperamental characteristics of the Italian — his vanity, underlaid with talent; his humor; his passion; and his loyalty.



# "The Great Love"



*Susie herself is sufficiently beguiling. The lure of a large inheritance adds to the complications.*



*Jim Young, wounded, suffers more from inward hurt when he learns Susie is married.*



*Susie resents unfair dealing, even to the point of ordering her bridegroom from her room.*



*"Greater love hath no man known."*

In this new Griffith picture of the great war, *Susie* (Lillian Gish) is an Australian visiting in London. She is much attracted by *Jim Young* (Robert Harron), an American who has enlisted with the British army. While he is absent on duty, she falls heir to a large fortune and so becomes irresistibly attractive to *Sir Roger Brighton* (Henry Walthall), who succeeds in marrying her. She learns what a mistake she has made and rectifies it by devotion to the Great Love, which consists in service to her country and its defenders. A Zeppelin air raid and big battle scenes taken at the front add realism and thrills, and the heart of the beholder is touched by pictures showing many notable personages, including Queen Alexandra, serving the cause, inspired thereto by the Great Love.

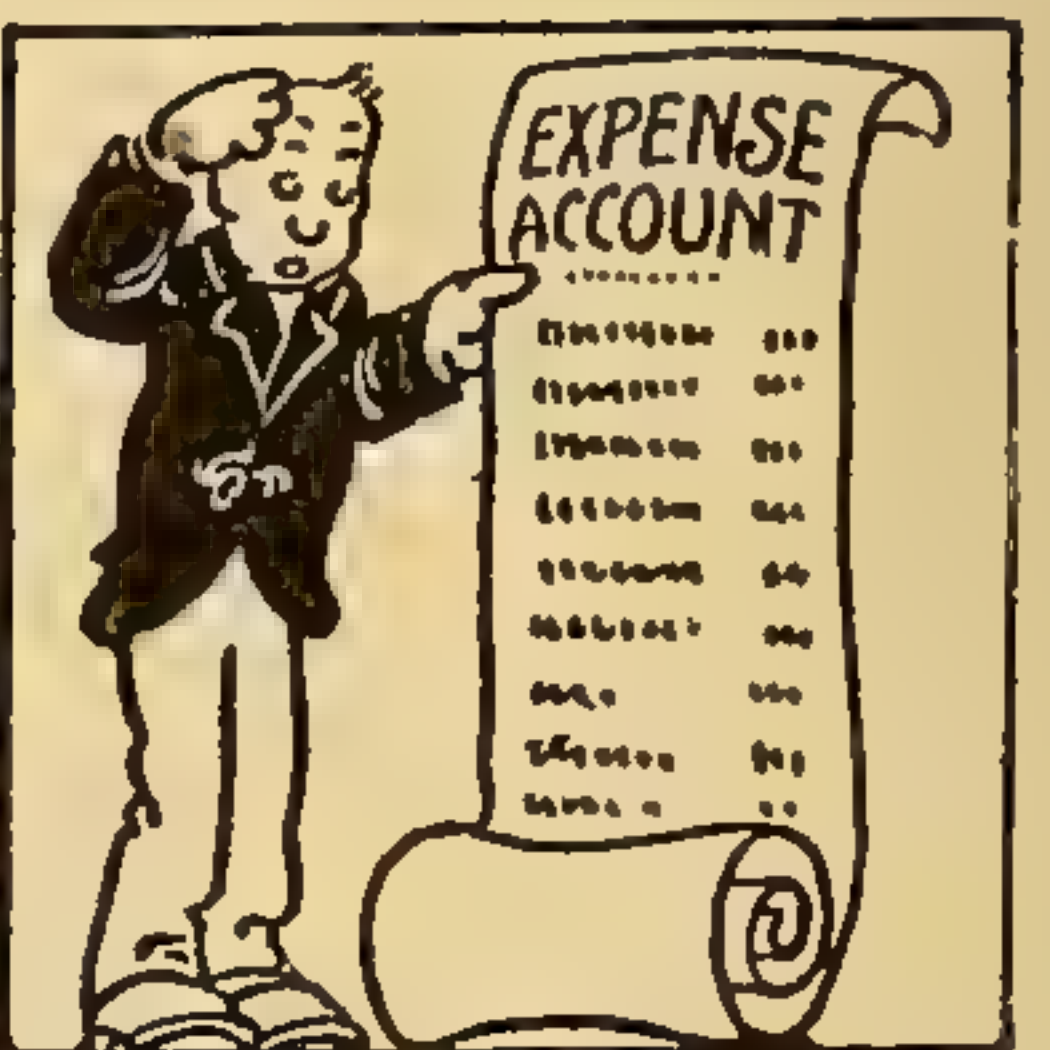
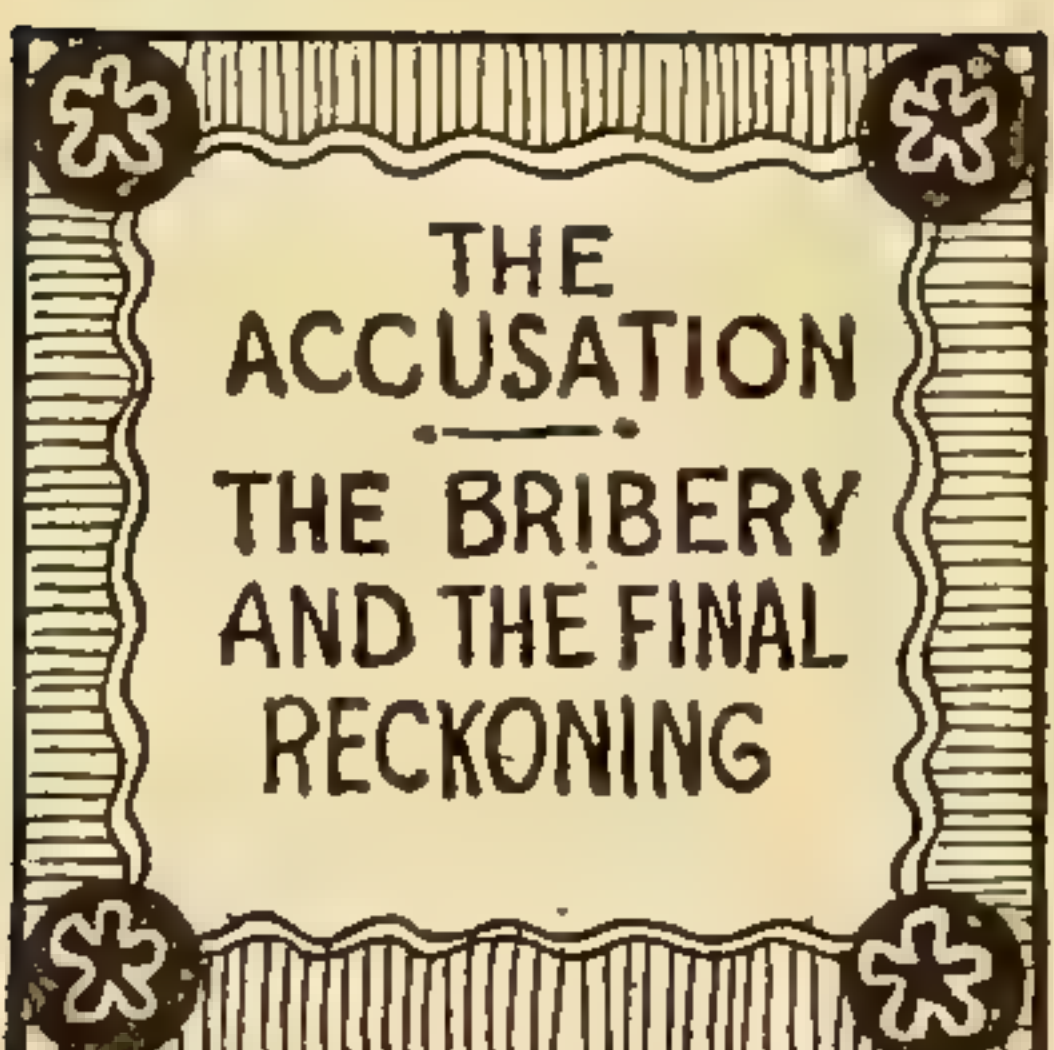
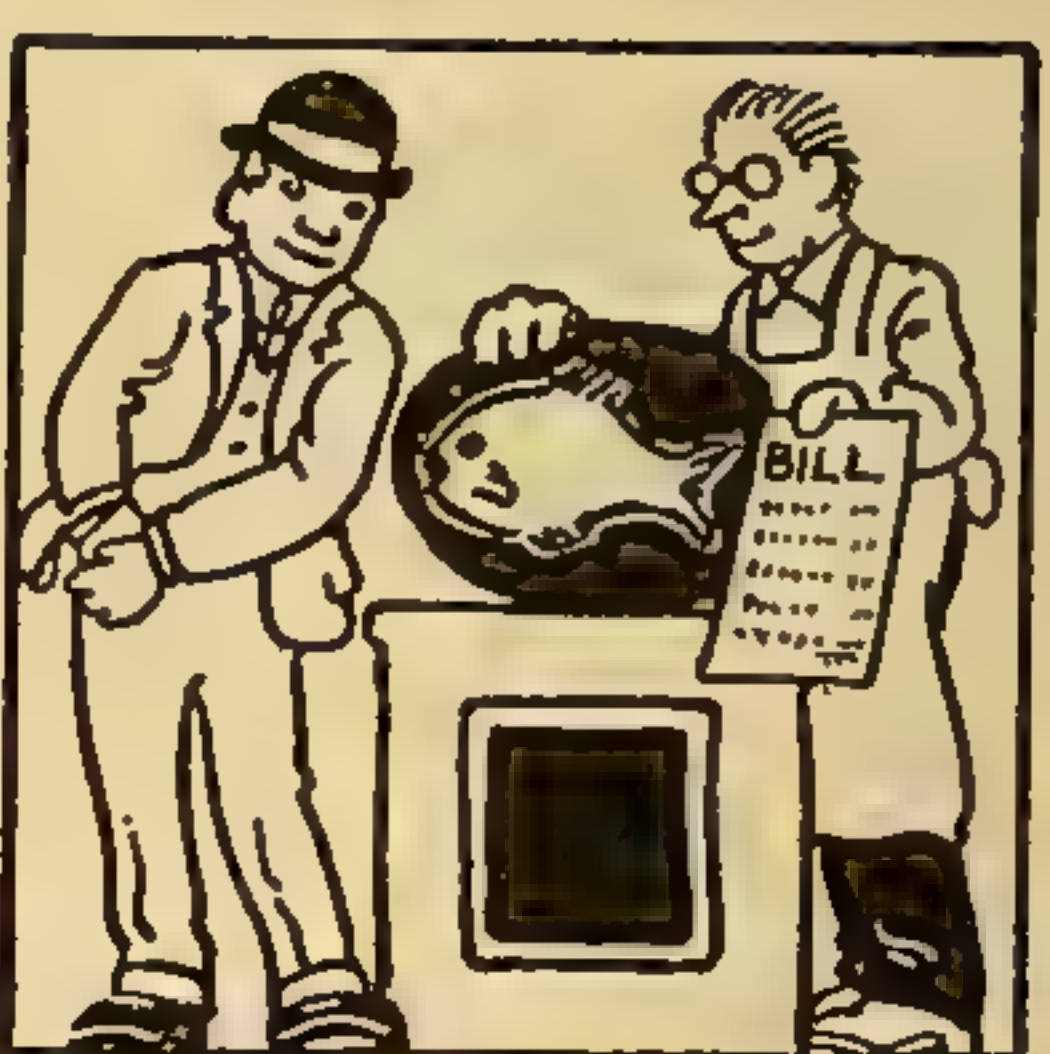
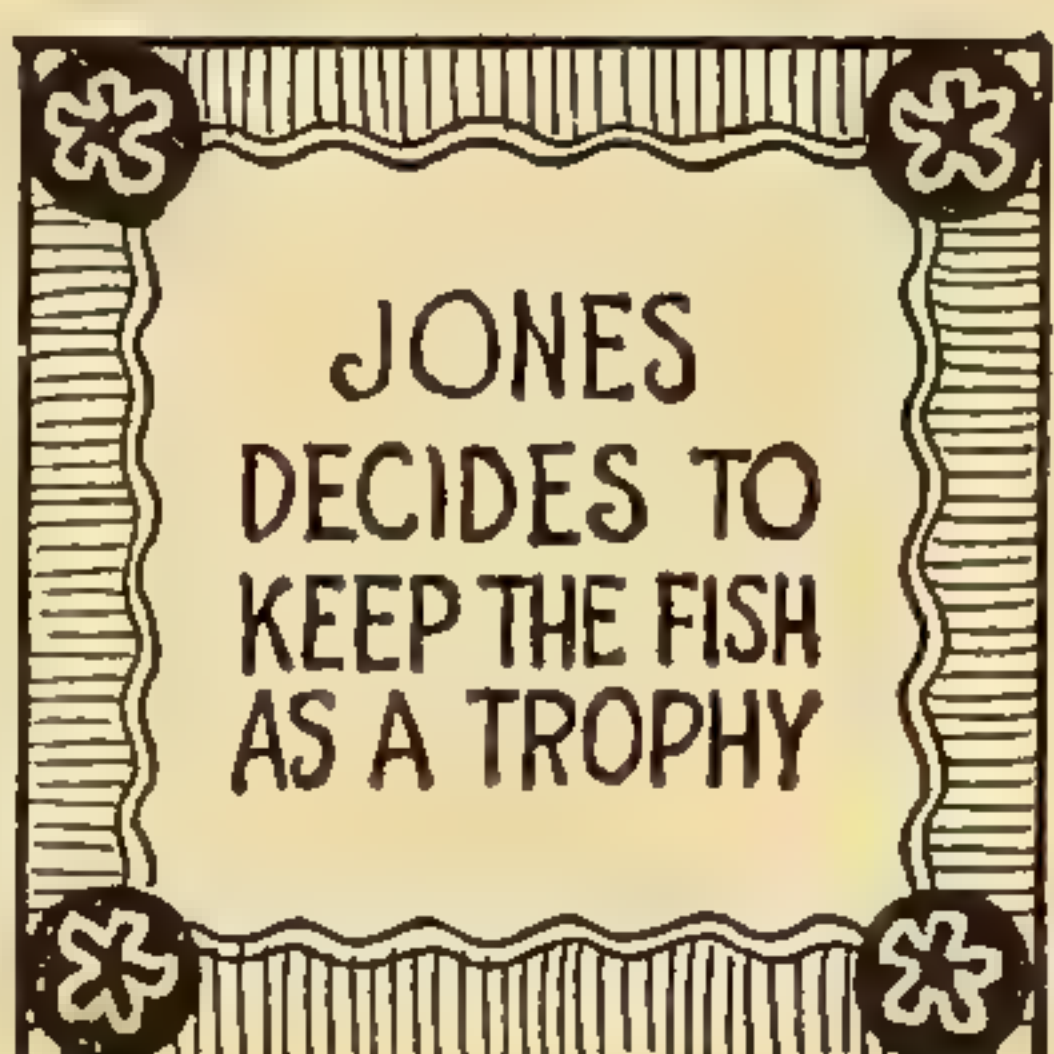
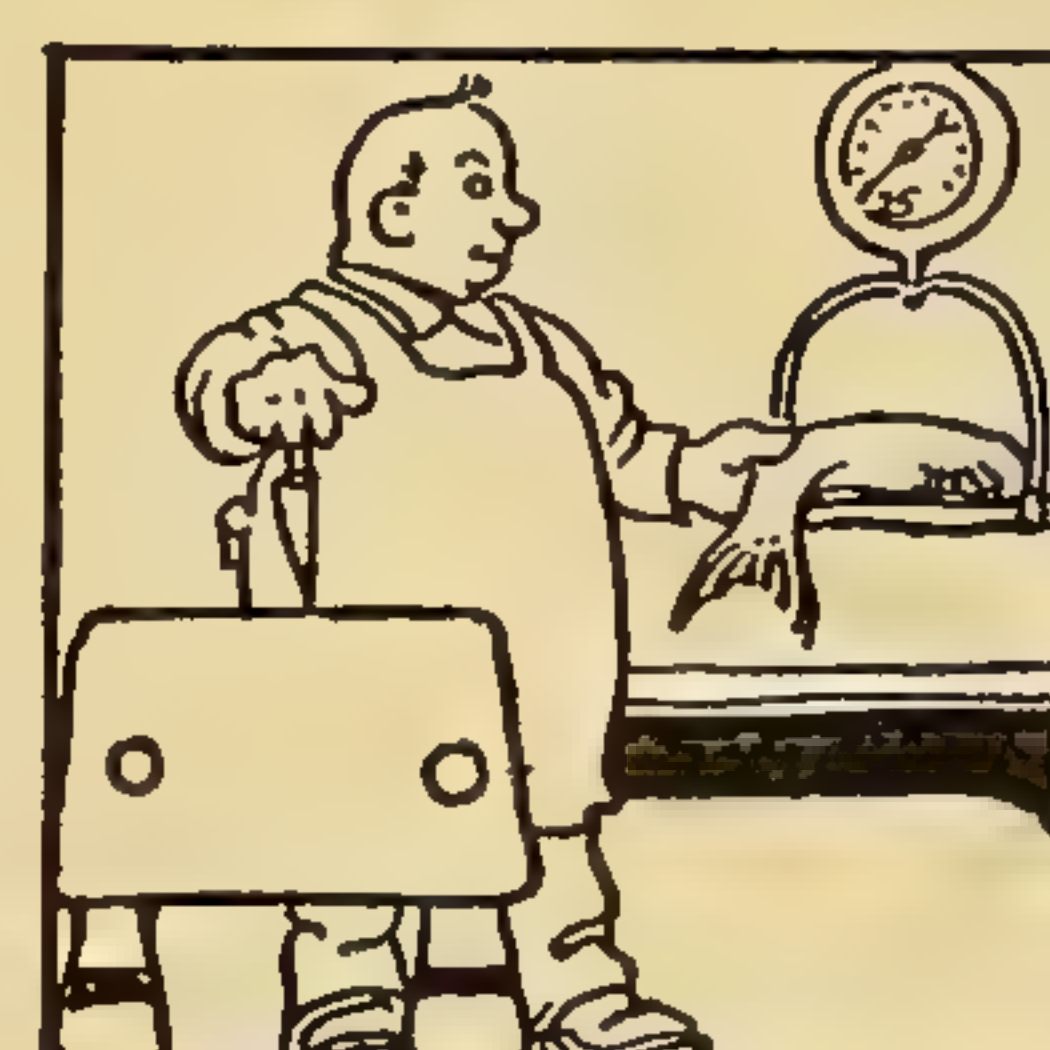
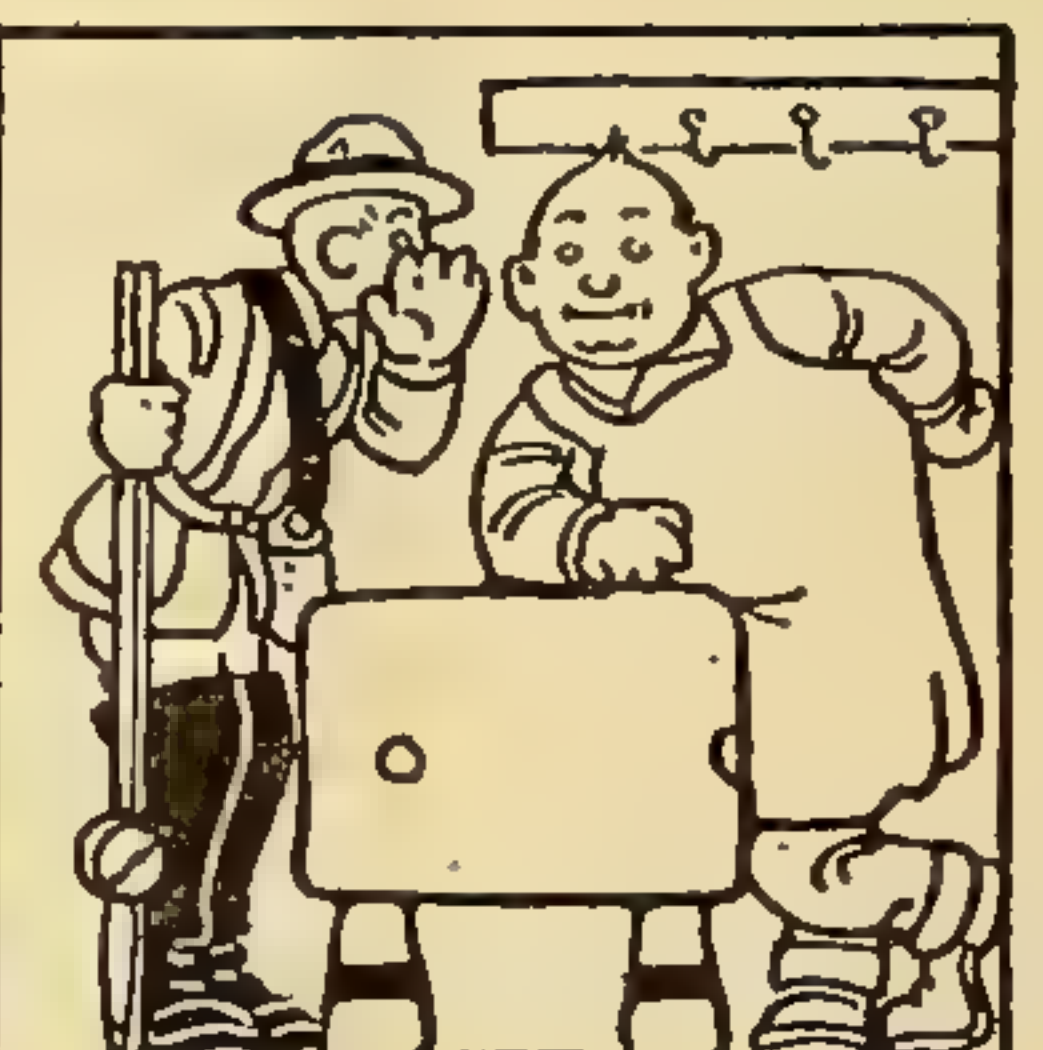
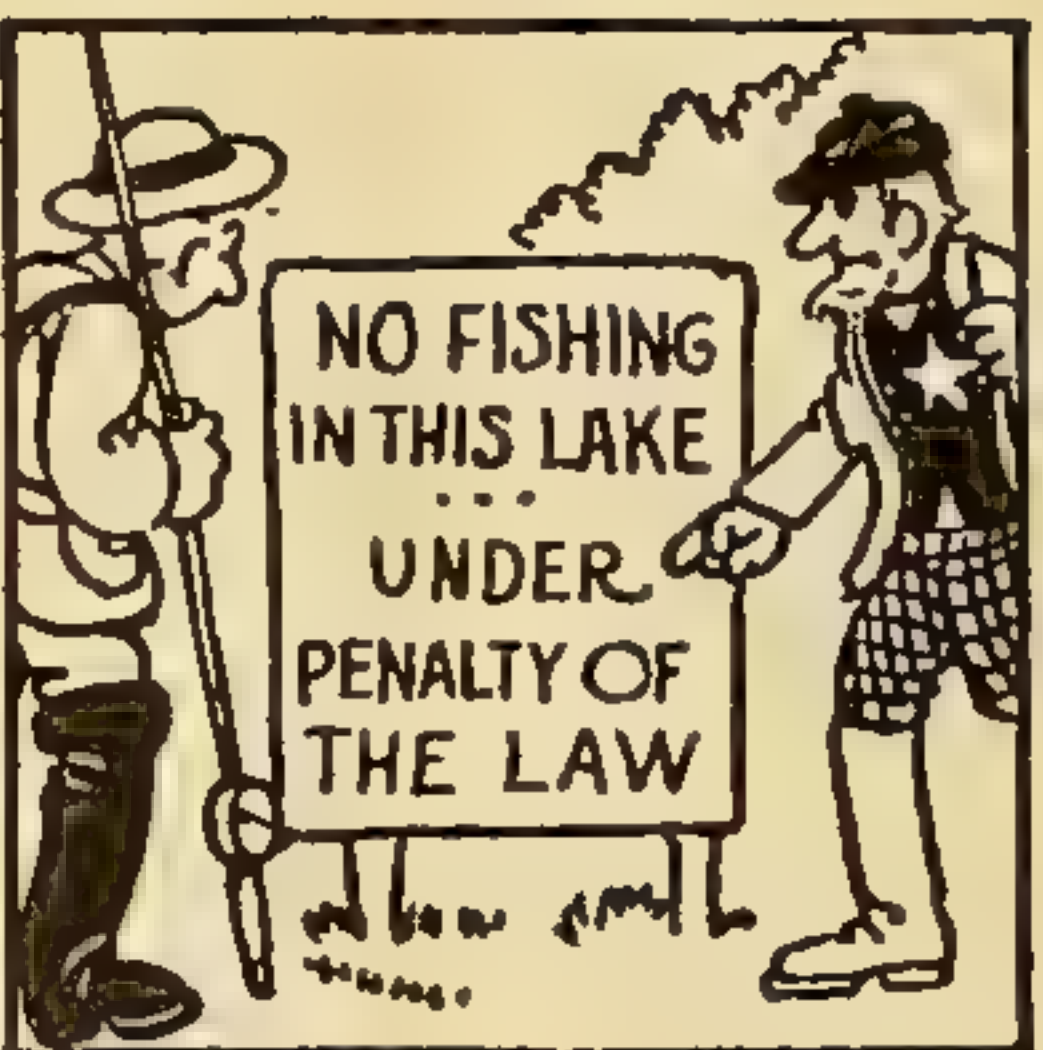


PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT

*Warning of an air raid is given thus by special speedy messengers.*



# Movies From Film Fun's Screen



FISHERMAN'S LUCK—SHOWING HOW EXPENSIVE A FISHING TRIP MAY BE



## Our Intellectual Movie Queens

(From almost any clip sheet)

IT WILL be pleasing to our readers, we feel sure, for them to know something about the life of Laura Love, who took the part of Chastity in "The Grip of the Python."

Miss Love spent the early years of her life in a convent, where she had little or no thought of becoming the nightly favorite that she now is. The quiet round of her life was then taken up with her beads and her needlework.

On turning her back to cloistral walls, she traveled in the United States, journeying West, where she lived with the Sun Dance Indians. On account of her rare charm and beauty she was adopted into their tribe and given the name of Agunquack, which in the Sun Dance language means "Sunshine from the Happy Hunting Ground." It was during her long association with the Sun Dance Indians that she picked up her wealth of knowledge of Indian life, which has been of such great help to her in her masterly portrayal of American aboriginal character.

In her early life Miss Love's ambition was to be an artist, and while she was in the Latin Quarter she studied under some of the world's greatest masters. She studied for years and was just on the verge of a career when she felt the call of Thespis and laid down her palette for the make-up box. Even the splendid acting she does in the silent drama does not suffice, her old professors think, for the fact that she deserted them for the cinematographic stage.

During the few summer days that she can steal away from the studios, she goes to Canada for her vacations, where she may live in sweet, simple quiet with the French Canadians, where she converses with them in their own language, for it may come as a surprise to the thousands of admirers of Miss Love to know that she is a profound



*Not passed by the Board of Censors.*

student of Early French. In college she specialized in this, and her graduation theme was entitled "The Now Obsolete Irregular Verbs of the Early French." Miss Love is never happier than when chatting with the simple French Canadians in their own language—a language now known to only a few etymologists.

It was while traveling extensively abroad that Miss Love became fascinated by Egypt, where she made a specialty of Egyptology. There are few in the world—if any—who have the intimate knowledge of the early life of the Egyptians that Miss Love has. Her specialty is the life and reign of Amenhotep III., one of the early Pharaohs. Her translations from the hieroglyphics on the colossi and on the cliff monuments at Edfu, celebrating Amenhotep's wars of conquest, are a delight to antiquarians.

Miss Love is eighteen years old.

### Evolution

When movies first invaded us,  
We didn't care a hang,  
So long as the hero loved the girl  
And the heroine loved the man;  
But now we are not satisfied  
Without an orang-outang!

We want volcanoes, earthquakes!  
Tempests on land and seas!  
Boats going down! Banks blowing up!  
Vampires and jamborees!  
Alas for the good old love-stuff days,  
With the hero on his knees!

—Jean Milne Gower.



*THE IDEAL SPOT*

Minnie (just returned from her vacation)—Oh, I was at the dandiest place—movies and electric signs on the main street. Honestly, you wouldn't know you were out of town!

Many moving picture operators give up their jobs because they cannot stand the grind.



## Bliss Triumphant

WHEN first I went to movie shows,  
I struggled with suspense;  
Before the fillum neared its close,  
My worry was intense,  
For fear the lovers in the piece  
Their final joy should miss;  
I wot me not each movie plot  
Must end up with a kiss.

No longer do I palpitate  
Lest virtue bite the dust;  
However dark the clouds of fate,  
Unshaken is my trust.  
Upon the villain's passing gain,  
I do not waste a hiss;  
I know the tale will never fail  
To end up with a kiss.

The second act may reek with blood,  
And justice may go lame,  
While tears are falling in a flood  
As honor yields to shame.  
Yet though they toss the heroine  
Into a deep abyss,  
I am serene; the final scene  
Will end up with a kiss.

Philosophy may vainly strive  
To further human cheer,  
And creeds without success contrive  
To banish doubt and fear.  
But pessimism has no chance  
To discount mortal bliss,  
When, spite of woes, scenarios  
All wind up with a kiss.



## Stars I Have Suped With

By HAROLD SETON

THE stars referred to in the title of this article are not the stars in the sky. Neither are they the stars on the stage. They are the stars of the screen. I had seen each and every one of them many times—on the films; but three weeks ago I saw them for the first time—in person.

Mr. Robertson, the casting director for the Goldwyn Company, let me go on as a supe or "extra man" in a scene in Geraldine Farrar's new piece, "A Turn of the Wheel." I was a reporter in a courtroom episode and did not suffer from stage fright or camera fright. I was too much interested in the other people to feel conscious of myself.

I was interested in the director and in the camera man; but, most of all, I was interested in the star. Some people call her Miss Farrar, some call her Madame Farrar, and some call her Mrs. Tellegen; but I call her—a genius! After having observed her absolute sincerity in going through her performance, I declare myself a Farrar enthusiast.

Some of the "extra" people stared at the star with mild curiosity, while others glanced at her with supreme indifference. But they had been supeing for months and months, perhaps for years and years. This was my first experience in a studio, so I was spellbound and enthralled.

Besides the artistic enthusiasm of Geraldine Farrar, another thing that impressed me was her devotion to her husband. Lou Tellegen hovered in the background, and when Madame was not posing for her pictures, she was exchanging confidences with the versatile gentleman, half Greek and half Dutch, who has acted in French with Sarah Bernhardt and in English as a star in his own plays.

My next episode was with the World Company. Miss Rose, the assistant casting director, sent me on a picture with Louise Huff. The scene was at a fashionable party. Miss Huff was dressed as a Red Cross nurse. Her yellow tresses were concealed beneath a black wig, but she looked as pretty as ever, if not even more so. I had admired her in a series of pictures with Jack Pickford, but seeing her in the flesh charmed me all over again.

What struck me about Miss Huff was her sympathetic attitude toward several little children who took part in the production. She was genuinely interested in the youngsters and won them completely by her little kindnesses. This was not a play to the gallery, either, because there was no gallery, and I saw things that were not meant to be seen.

Then came another Goldwyn picture, "Hidden Fires," with Mae Marsh. We went to Briarcliff Lodge, near Scarborough-on-the-Hudson, and passed a pleasant day in



the country. We "extra" people were supposed to be guests at the fashionable hotel, and we wandered through the grounds and lunched in the dining-room, made up for the movies, to the amusement of the genuine guests, who laughed and applauded.

The note entered in my mental diary concerning Miss Marsh was the note of religion. I had heard that she was very devout, but was quite astonished when she arrived in a motor car with a priest. The priest had evidently accompanied Miss Marsh before, for he only looked on for a little while, and then retired into the background.

Next came another World picture, Carlyle Blackwell, in "Making Good." The scene was in a cabaret, and we "extras" were patrons of the place, sitting at small tables and imbibing—cider. By way of camouflage, the apple juice was served in glasses of varying shape and size. There were champagne glasses, cocktail glasses and cordial glasses. The tablecloths and napkins were yellow, which color films much better than dead white.

Mr. Blackwell kept very much to himself, attending strictly to business. I do not believe it was a pose or affectation on his part. He was quite unconscious of the rest of us, except inasmuch as we lent "atmosphere" to the picture. He was supposed to be drunk, and he played the part extremely well.

My next engagement was with the Famous Players. Mr. Davies, the casting director, sent me to the Paragon Studio, at Fort Lee, N. J., to be in a Billie Burke picture. The scene was in the foyer of a hotel, and we supes lingered around, chatting with friends or glancing at magazines, in a natural manner. But when Billie Burke finally appeared, in long leather leg-

gings, presumably a motor cycle costume, I sat breathless and fascinated.

For little Mrs. Ziegfeld is fully as bewitching in real life as in reel life, marvelously dainty and graceful, with the prettiest smile and the sweetest good humor. I even believe she could soften the stony heart of the grim personage who presides at the desk marked "Information" at the Paragon Studio, and of whom the "extra" people speak in awestruck whispers.

My next picture was with the Famous Players once more, in an Alice Brady production called "The Golden Fleece." I had seen five stars and had looked forward to seeing the sixth. But I was doomed to disappointment. My scene was in a law office, and the only others with me were the lawyer and the stenographer. The stenographer, Gloria Goodwin, was young and pretty. I had a little "bit" to do with her—a tiny "bit"—but it was my very first, so I almost forgot my

disappointment at not seeing the star—the clever daughter of a clever father.

And that is as far as I have progressed—till now. I have been in the studios for three weeks and have been on six times, with three companies. And now I have been given a "bit" to do, so I suppose I will cease to be a supe and will have to write another article on "Stars I Have Supported."

Perhaps I'll have to start drawing on my imagination, instead of depending on actual experience, and exaggerate like all the other "extras"! One fellow told me that he had done a "bit" with Mary Garden, and the star had fallen in love with him; and another chap told me he had never taken a miserable

(Continued on page 32)



GOLDWYN  
**THE HAND-MADE MOVIE**  
*Madge Kennedy, producer, is her own director and camera man.*



**ON MEMORY'S SCREEN**





PATHE

*All knitters know the rule about raveling out, when a mistake is made, and Harold Lloyd says it's no joke. A comedian in such a quandary will get what's due him—sympathy.*

### Something for the Little Ones

**T**HE girl was helpless—a captive. And her captor? A gigantic brute of a man, as savage, as loathsome a creature as ever appeared on the screen.

The girl weeps, struggles in the frenzy of fear, begs for mercy, pleads, but all to no purpose. The man finds enjoyment in her terror; he grins; he laughs.

And what is this that is being shown? He is taking a

meat ax—the man is—a meat ax from a table drawer, and is trying its blade on his finger nail. It is sharp—well he knows it. And swinging it as he strides, he crosses the room and grabs the girl with his free hand.

Grabs her and thrusts her with brute strength upon a board table, his gorilla-like hands lifting her blond curls from her neck.

She struggles again against hopeless odds, cries (you can see her tears), kicks frantically, but without avail; the brutal hand presses her down, down, and holds her there, while the ax is before her eyes.

A super-thrilling screen drama of the underworld? Something about East Side dens, gangsters, kidnappers and gunmen?

Not so. Not by any means so.

It is but a scene from a movie for the children—a dramatization for the screen of one of childhood's favorite fairy tales, "Jack and the Beanstalk." Pleasant dreams, children!

### When Doug Leaves for Work

Following is a specimen of the way Douglas Fairbanks, effervescent and acrobatic comedian, warms up for a day's work at the studio or elsewhere:

Wakes, and from a position flat on his back vaults lightly over foot of bed to floor.

Takes his morning before-breakfast exercise in family dining-room, climbing to plate rail and running around it twenty laps.

Leaps to electrolier, thence to dining table, ultimately to rug.

Bath and morning toilet.

Breakfast preceded by secondary session of exercises; climbs on fire escape to roof and goes hand over hand around cornice.

Drops, unhurt, on passing hay wagon and runs briskly back to apartment, smiling and glowing with ruddy health.

Breakfast with family, meals being interpolated with such feats as shooting lid off coffee pot, lassoing electric toaster, putting sixteen-pound grapefruit and cooking oatmeal over campfire built on dining-room floor.

Playfully binds serving maid and stows her away on freight elevator.

Drops from apartment window, ten stories, to Mexican saddle on back of waiting cow pony.

Gathers up reins, and darting off to work, kidnaps en route a traffic cop.

### The Height of Devotion

Big Marcus Brown adores his girl,  
His love for her is keen.  
He'll take her to a picture show,  
That he's already seen.

### Heard in the Studio

*Moving picture actor*—Uncle Sam is going to make all the Germans in this country register. Then he is going to make the whole German nation register.

*Camera man*—How's that?

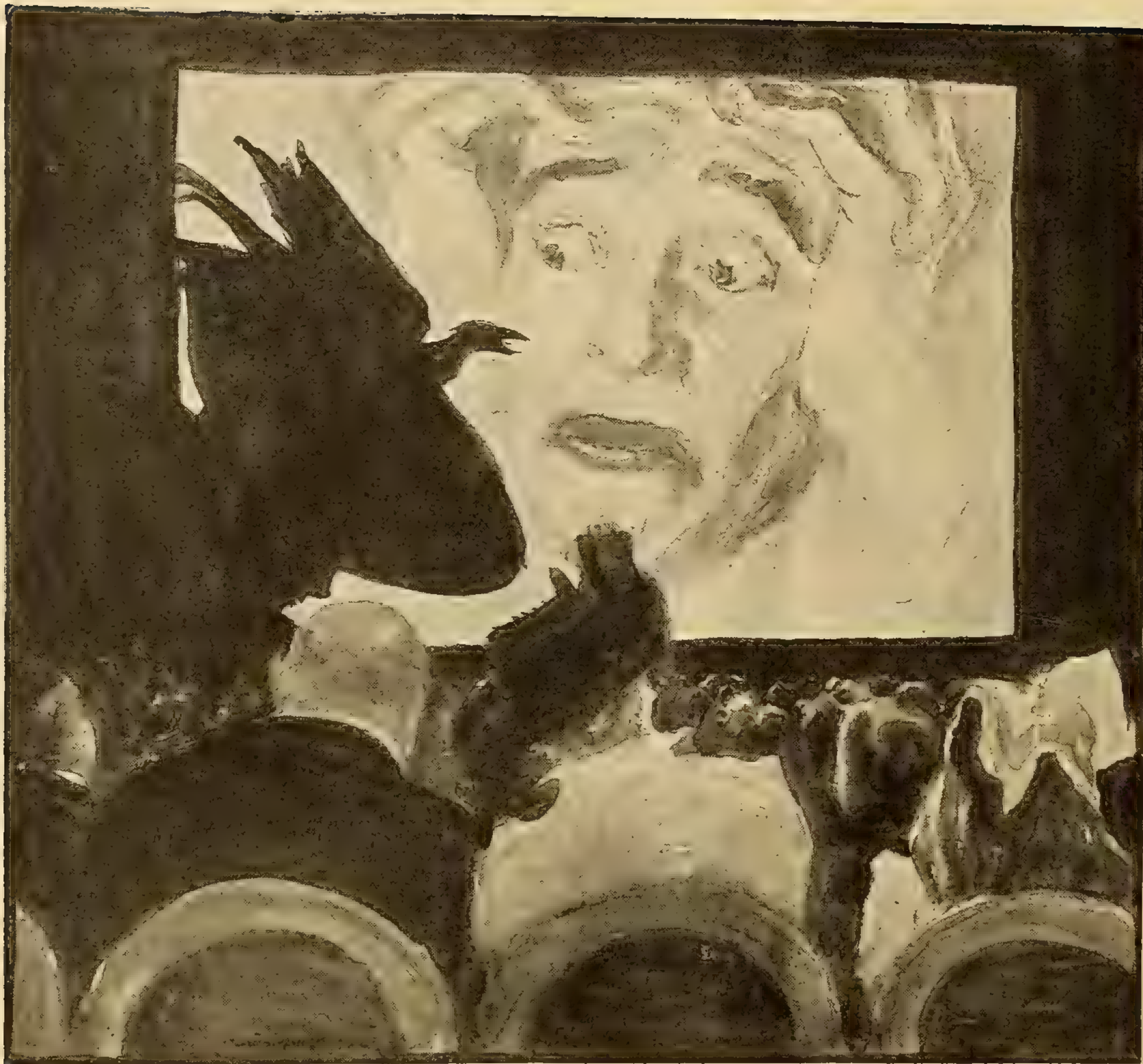
*Moving picture actor*—Register grief.





THE PATH OF TRUE LOVE, AS IT IS MOVIED





AN INTERRUPTED "CLOSE-UP"

## The Vampire



Oh, when I speak of Dora Dare,  
You know at once I mean  
That creature quite beyond compare,  
"The Vampire of the Screen"!   
And yet I earnestly maintain  
She has in private life  
A reputation free from stain—  
The lady is my wife!

Whene'er a victim she enslaves,  
Whene'er a home she wrecks,  
Some preacher straightway rants and raves  
About "The Lure of Sex"!   
I taught her how to act that way,  
In sin to live and die;  
I made her what she is to-day—  
Her manager am I!

She gets twelve hundred ev'ry week,  
And hands it all to me;  
No wonder I am smug and sleek,  
Contented as can be!   
Her latest picture, "Queen of Hell,"  
Is bound to make a hit;  
But when it comes to vampires, well,  
Some say that *I* am It!

—Harold Seton.

## What the Reelwrights Lack

"I have here an idea for a play," said the moving picture author to the producer. "In the first reel an oil tank blows up, in the second an entire railroad train falls into a gorge, in the third a huge steamer sinks at sea, in the fourth a volcanic eruption destroys a city, and in the fifth

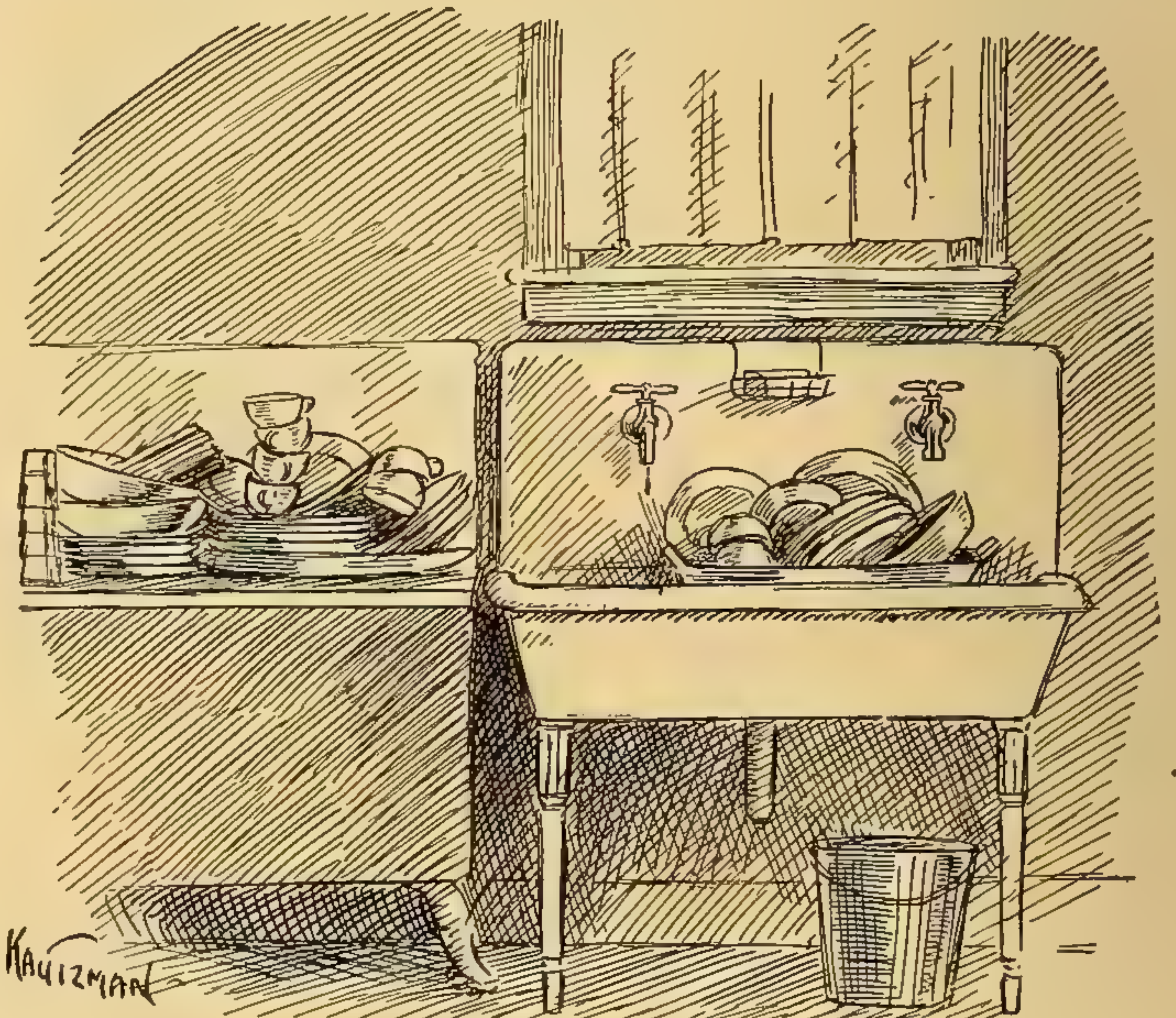
we have a battle scene calling for ten thousand supernumeraries."

"Entirely too small for me to fool with," said the producer, doing some rapid figuring with a pencil. "That play wouldn't cost more than five million dollars to stage, and I'm not considering anything that involves an expenditure of less than twenty millions. The trouble with you authors is that you have no imagination."

## Movie Salaries

"I have been making a few calculations," says the man with the serrated whiskers and the foreshortened pencil, looking up from his paper. "I have kept a record of the salaries paid moving picture stars, and find that they can be paid, provided we run the mint night and day and speed up the bank note printing plants to a double schedule. Within two years the aggregate sum paid moving picture stars would settle all the national debts

of all the governments of the world, dig eight Panama canals and build and equip nine transcontinental railways, to say nothing of providing post office buildings and white marble libraries in all cities of over five thousand inhabitants. The only thing that bothers me is to figure how the banking facilities of the world can be made sufficiently extensive to handle the enormous amount of funds that will be deposited by the film actors and actresses. The responsibility attached to handling such centralized wealth is crushing."



Where Has Mother Gone?





*Russian Folk-Song recital, by Harold Lockwood's Russian Wolf Hound, at an informal studio tea.*

### The Animals Came, One by One

ALTHOUGH they never employ press agents to spread extravagant rumors about their salaries, animals play an increasingly important part in the world of films. They range from white mice to lions and elephants. Times have changed since the days when the only animal on the stage was the stray cat which broke up the love scene.



*Before taking part in an educational film, this Elmendorf elephant is particular to wash behind his ears.*



*A bear possibility, in view of the serious shortage of camera men these days.*



*Not even May Allison can make the Metro parrot look happy. Polly favors the spoken drama exclusively.*



*"As sick as a dog" isn't half bad, when it happens to be Francis X. Bushman's dog.*



## The Last To Go



"I'm all alone," the old man said,  
And placed a trembling hand  
Upon his white and nodding head;  
"Yes, all alone I stand.

"They all were here a while ago;  
Their laughter rang so free.  
But now they're gone like last year's  
snow,  
And no one's left but me.

"My wife, *she* went; my sister, too.  
I bade them both good-by.  
No wonder that I'm feeling blue;  
No wonder that I cry.

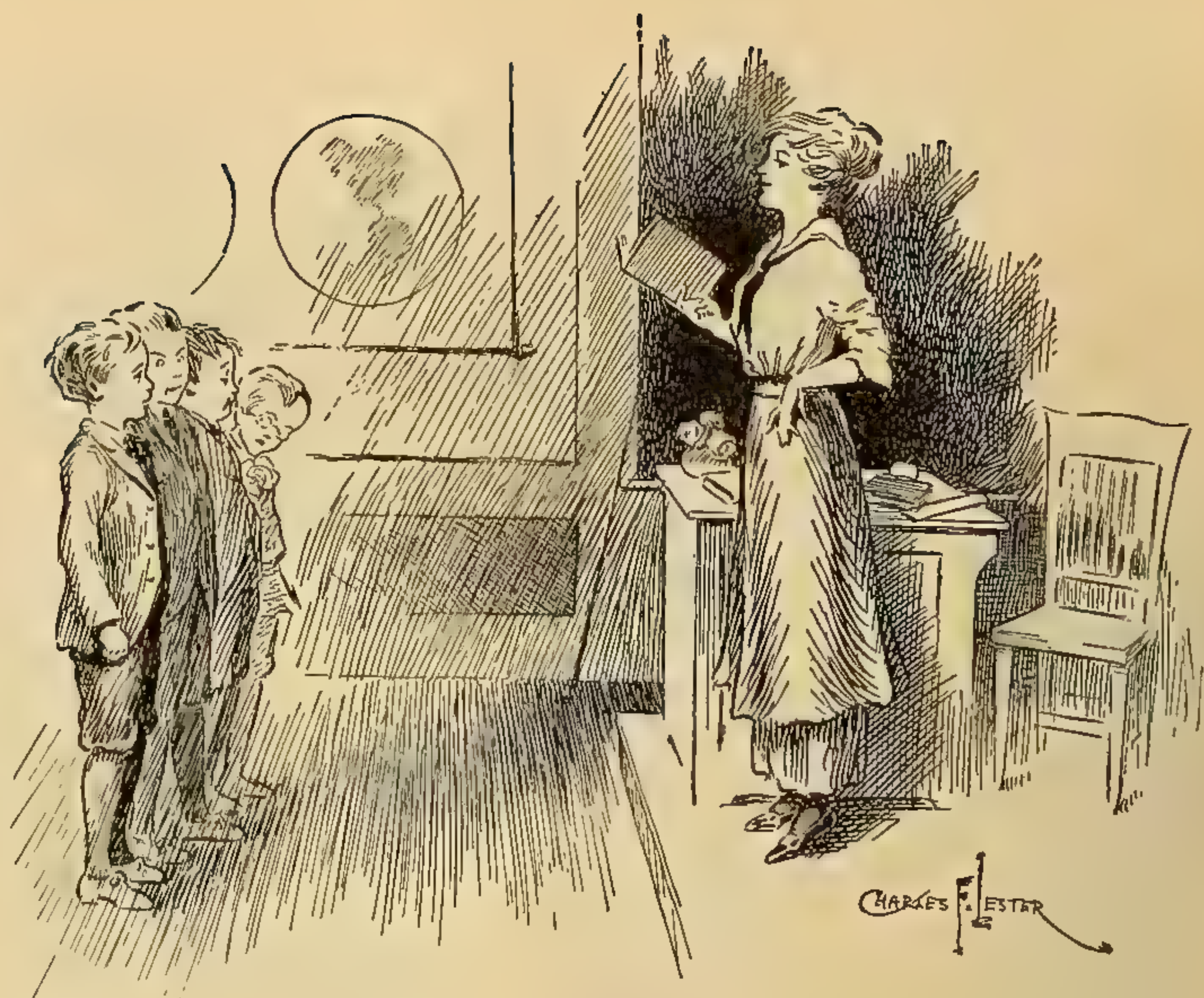
"They said they'd see me soon again,  
My children blithe and bold—  
But, oh, the loneliness, the pain!  
'Tis hard, when one is old.

"I never thought that I would be  
The last of all to leave;  
My portion but a memory,  
My privilege to grieve.

"The children were so young, so strong,  
I looked to them for cheer  
And solace all my path along—  
And now they've left me here.

"The house so empty and so still  
I grope my way around,  
The sparrows on the window sill  
The only cheerful sound.

"Adieu, old home! Adieu, adieu!  
It is no crime, I know!  
The family's gone; *I'm* going, too—  
To the moving picture show!" —A. H. F.



"Now, Henry, we will try these abbreviations. What is  
D. C.?"

"District of Columbia."

"And P. O.?"

"Post-office."

"Good! And M. P.!"

"Why—er—um—movin' pictures."

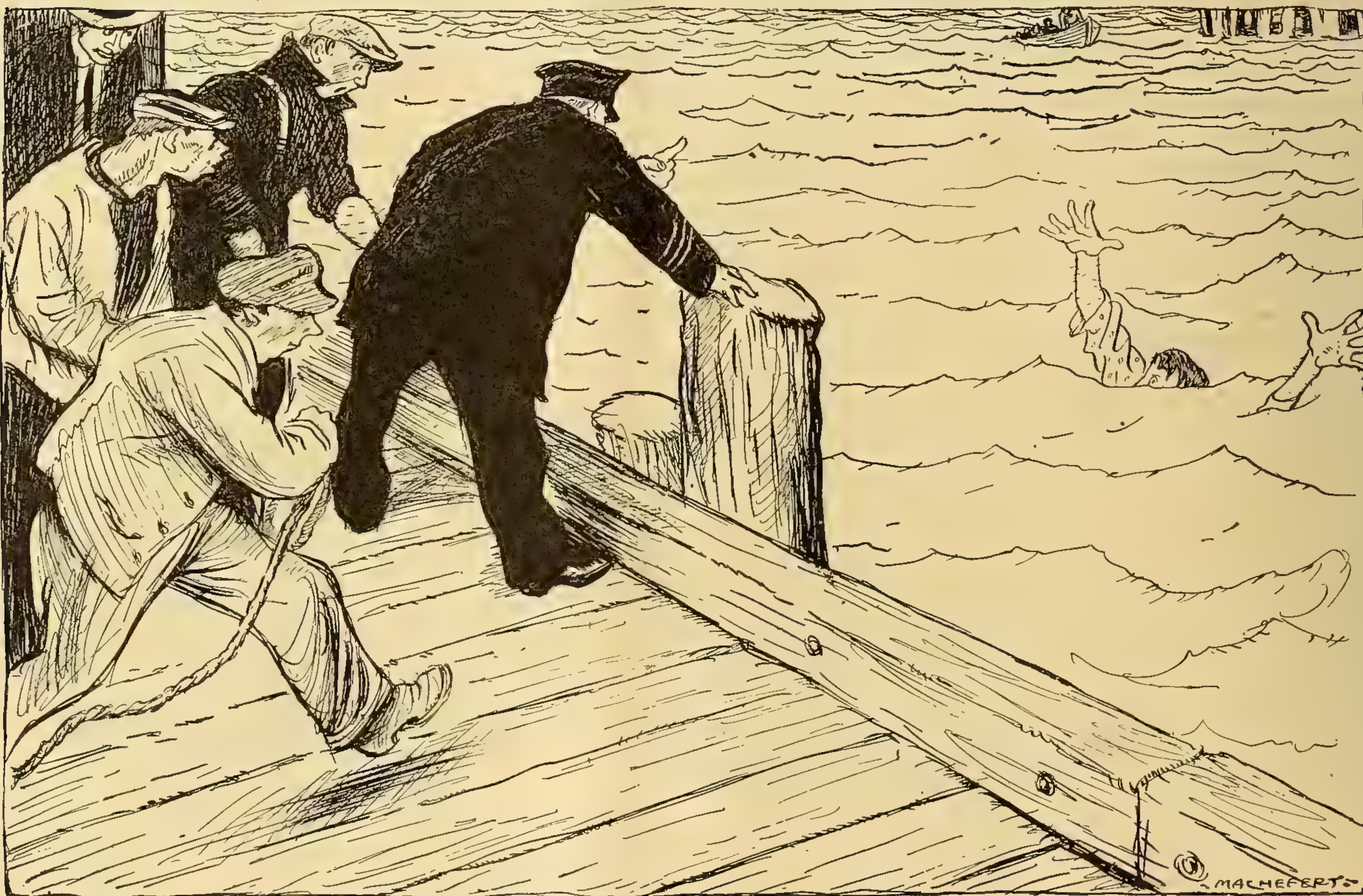
## Escaping Danger

While visiting his nephew in the city, Uncle Sam Shimmerpate stopped in front of a motion picture billboard on which were displayed pictures of lions, tigers, elephants and other African wild animals.

"Great guns, Henry," he said to his nephew, "I'm mighty glad I leave town Saturday afternoon!"

"Why are you so anxious to get away?" asked the nephew.

Pointing to the billboard, Uncle Sam read aloud the words: "To be released Saturday night."

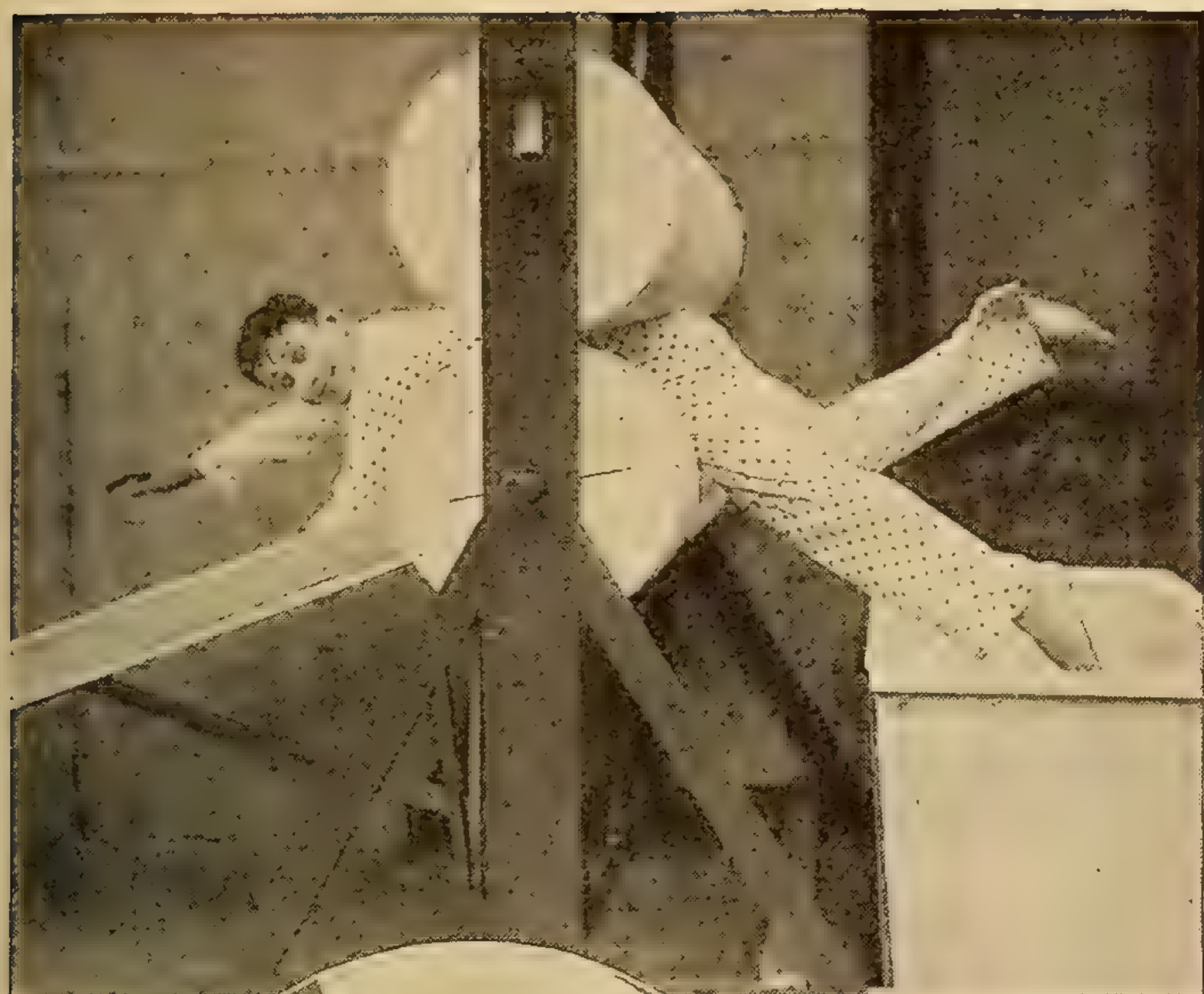


AFTER THE CALL FOR HELP

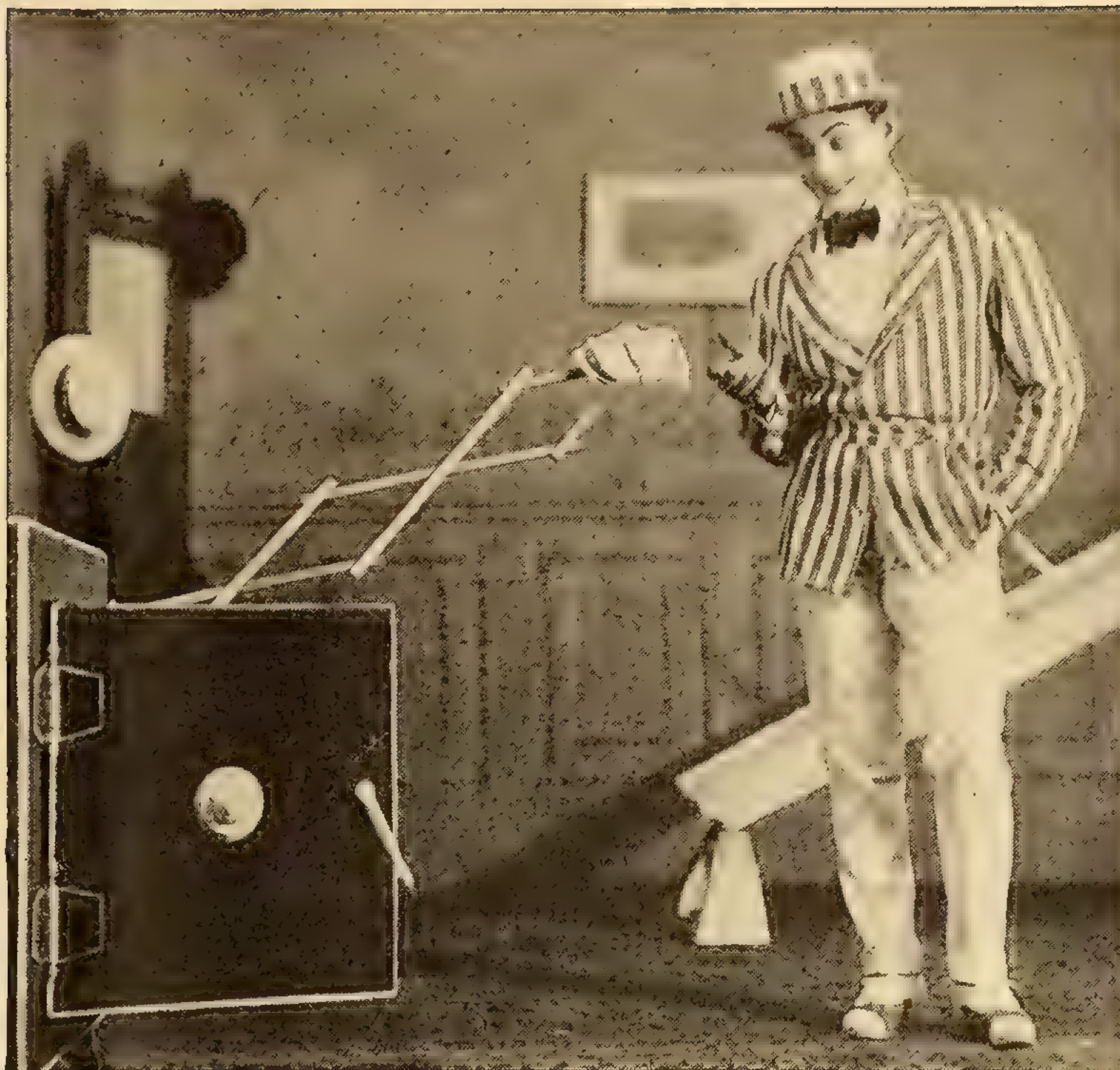
Policeman—See here, now! Is this the real thing or is it just a movie stunt?



# "Oh, What a Day!"



*Twede-Dan's time-and-labor-savers make his morning bath a joy.*



*Emerging thus gaily arrayed from the bottom of the chute, he touches a button and is served with green-and-yellow-backs sufficient unto the day.*



*Any good Indian can trail his quarry by footprints, but Twede-Dan finds that the feet themselves are confusing.*

car starts beautifully; but the booze taking effect, the car performs drunken antics until they administer a seidlitz powder, which is wonderfully effective. Arrival at the bathing pavilion leads to the usual confusion as to bath houses. Everybody always gets the wrong suit, as is well



JESTER COMEDY CO.

*He discovered that any bathing suit supplied at any beach can be relied on to make lean men look thinner, tall men more attenuated, and fat folks funnier.*

*The athlete with the ninety-pound wallop finds it is no good when Twede-Dan is in real form and negotiates a settlement of their differences.*

Twede-Dan and his girl start for the beach in his new car. Seven miles from the nearest supply they run out of gas. They make this distance by man-power, to discover the price beyond their means; but prohibition has prevailed, and liquor is cheap. They fill the tank, and the

known. Twede-Dan's troubles are not lessened when his lady is overheard to explain that she will put her foot out, so he will know the right room. One slap-stick adventure follows another through gales of laughter, until the comedy ends with a surprise.



# A Guide to Screendom

By LAWTON MACKALL

**I**F YOU know the age of a character in screendom, you know everything about him. For the part that an individual plays, in any correctly written scenario, and the sort of nature he discloses, are determined solely by the number of his years. A difference of a decade may take a man out of the hero class and put him in with the villains.

The following chart, compiled by the census department of a large public library, gives a list of the ages permissible in the movies, together with roles and personalities inevitable to them:

**3 years.** Flaxen or golden haired child. Face and sex: as near as possible to those of an angel. Introduced for touch of pathos—asks, with childish innocence, "Where is papa?"

**6 years.** Precocious little girl. Heroine of psychological child study, supposedly humorous.

**10 years.** Kid Brother. Enters parlor to harass sister's beau.

**13 years.** Hero of boy drama. Comic equipment: noisiness, chums with peculiar nicknames, and awkwardness in presence of girls and "company."

**15 years.** Younger Sister (Comedy edition). Excessively girlish. Hair ribbons. Acts as ally of hero.

**18 years.** Younger Sister. Impulsive, high-strung. Ruined by deplorable example of married sister.

**19 years.** Oppressed Ingenue. Preferably an orphan. If that is not feasible, she should at least be alone and friendless in the great city.

**20 years.** Popular Heroine, 1918 model. Shapeliness of figure, clearness of complexion, and regularity of teeth and features: indispensable. Color of hair and eyes: optional. Brains: secondary to costume.

**22 years.** Noble Hero. Without fear, guile, or sense of humor. Saves life of Popular Heroine, or rescues Ingenue from her oppressor.

**24 years.** Snappy Hero. It makes no difference whether he is a fascinating young college man or a dashing

slangy young salesman; in either case he has no difficulty in landing a \$200,000 order and the Popular Heroine at the same time.

**25 years.** Young Wife, in problem drama. Either extravagant or misunderstood, and therefore an easy prey to the plutocratic blandishments of the Villain.

**29 years.** Young Husband, in problem play. Tiring of the joys of home, he hearkens to the rustle of strange skirts.

**30 years.** Woman with a Past.

**32 years.** (a) With fur-lined overcoat. Rich and usually unscrupulous Rival of Noble Hero.

(b) Without fur-lined overcoat. Victim of Society or alcohol.

**35 years.** Female Villain.

**40 years.** Male Villain. Oppressor of Oppressed Ingenue.

**48 years.** Spiteful Old Maid.

**50 years.** Employer from whom Snappy Hero extracts a "raise."

**52 years.** A combination character (for the sake of economy), made up of "50 years" and "54 years."

**54 years.** Prospective Father-in-law, whom Snappy Hero astonishes into capitulation.

**56 years.** Elderly Husband, who misunderstands Misunderstood Wife.

**60 years.** Austere

Father, with white hair; side whiskers optional.

**65 years.** Noble-souled Mother, with white hair parted in the middle.

**70 years.** Noble-souled Father. If New England farmer, has chin beard; if Southern Colonel, has flowing goatee.

**80 years.** Knitting Grandmother or Patriarchal Grandfather.

## SUMMARY:

**3-22 years.** Period of likableness.

**25-32 years.** Problematic Period.

**35-60 years.** Period of villainy, spite, and oppression.

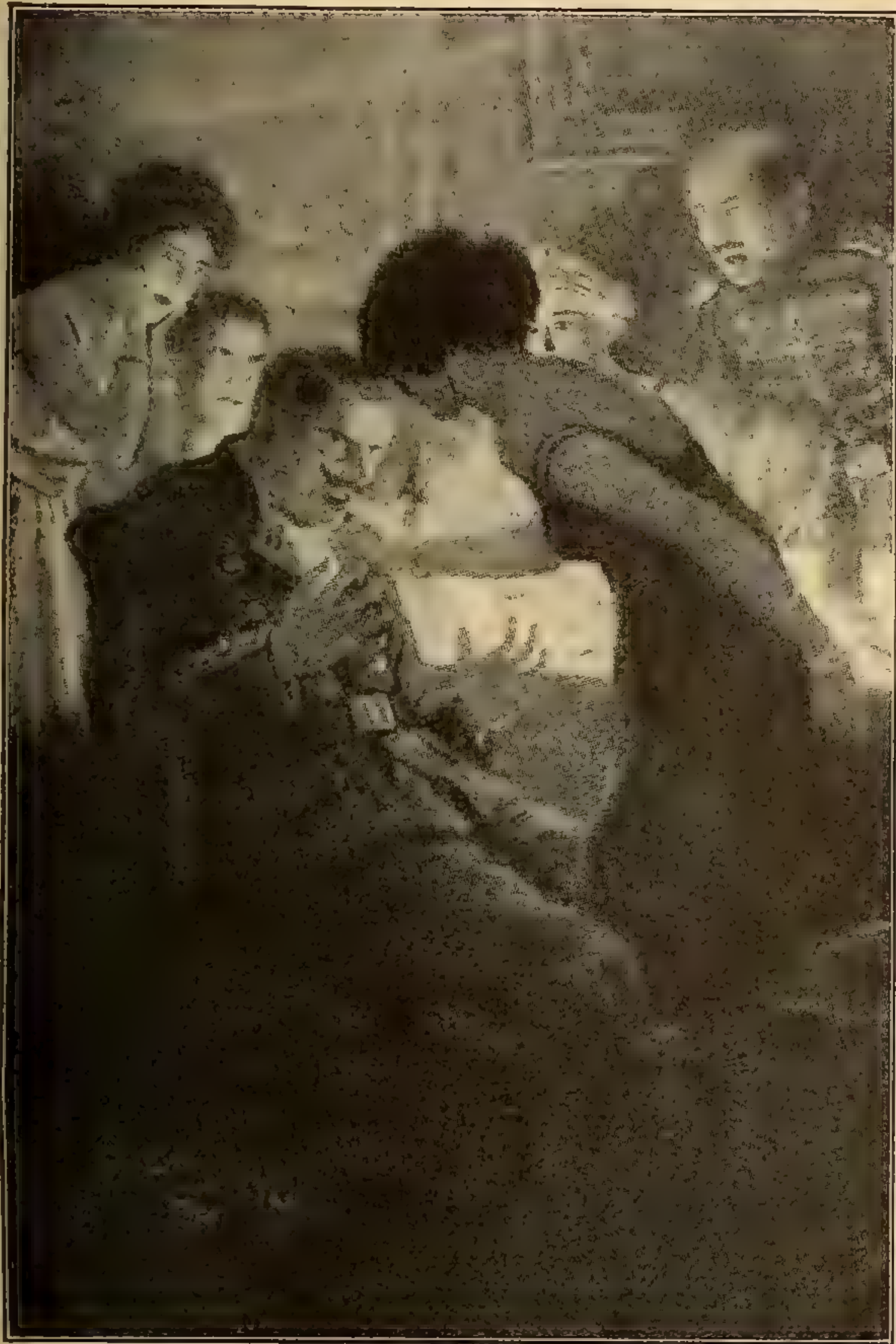
**65-80 years.** Beautiful old age.



"Why do you always choose this theater, Elsie?"  
"Cause it's—er—the darkest one in town, Alf!"



# THE HUN AT PLAY



THE Boches were bored. To be shut up for three months in a deserted chateau in the heart of Normandy was no small hardship for five Prussian officers accustomed to the gayeties of Berlin. To be sure, during their enforced stay, they had found entertainment in acts of vandalism, after the manner of their kind. Mutilated family portraits, priceless Flemish tapestries cut to ribbons, fine old mirrors cracked by pistol bullets, and the hacked and broken furniture that littered the spacious apartments of the chateau, all bore eloquent testimony to the favorite pastime of the Hun. But even this sport for the moment had palled. Outside the rain descended in torrents. As the brandy and liqueur passed from hand to hand, suddenly the Captain has an inspiration. A soldier is despatched to a nearby city. In the evening he returns with five handsome girls. How the table is laid and the fun grows fast and furious as the champagne flows; how in an access of alcoholic patriotism toasts are proposed by the chivalrous Prussians reflecting on the bravery of the men and the virtue of the women of France; what happens to the Baron at the hands of one of the girls—a patriot even if a *fille de joie*—is told as only Maupassant could tell it in the story *Mademoiselle Fifi* found in this superb *Verdun Edition* of

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In comparison with his novels and stories all others appear artificial and labored. Maupassant does not preach, argue, concern himself with morals, and has no social prejudices. He describes nothing that he has not seen and shows men and women just as he found them. His language is so simple and strong that it conveys the exact picture of the thing seen. His choice of subjects is always redeemed by an exquisite irony and art.

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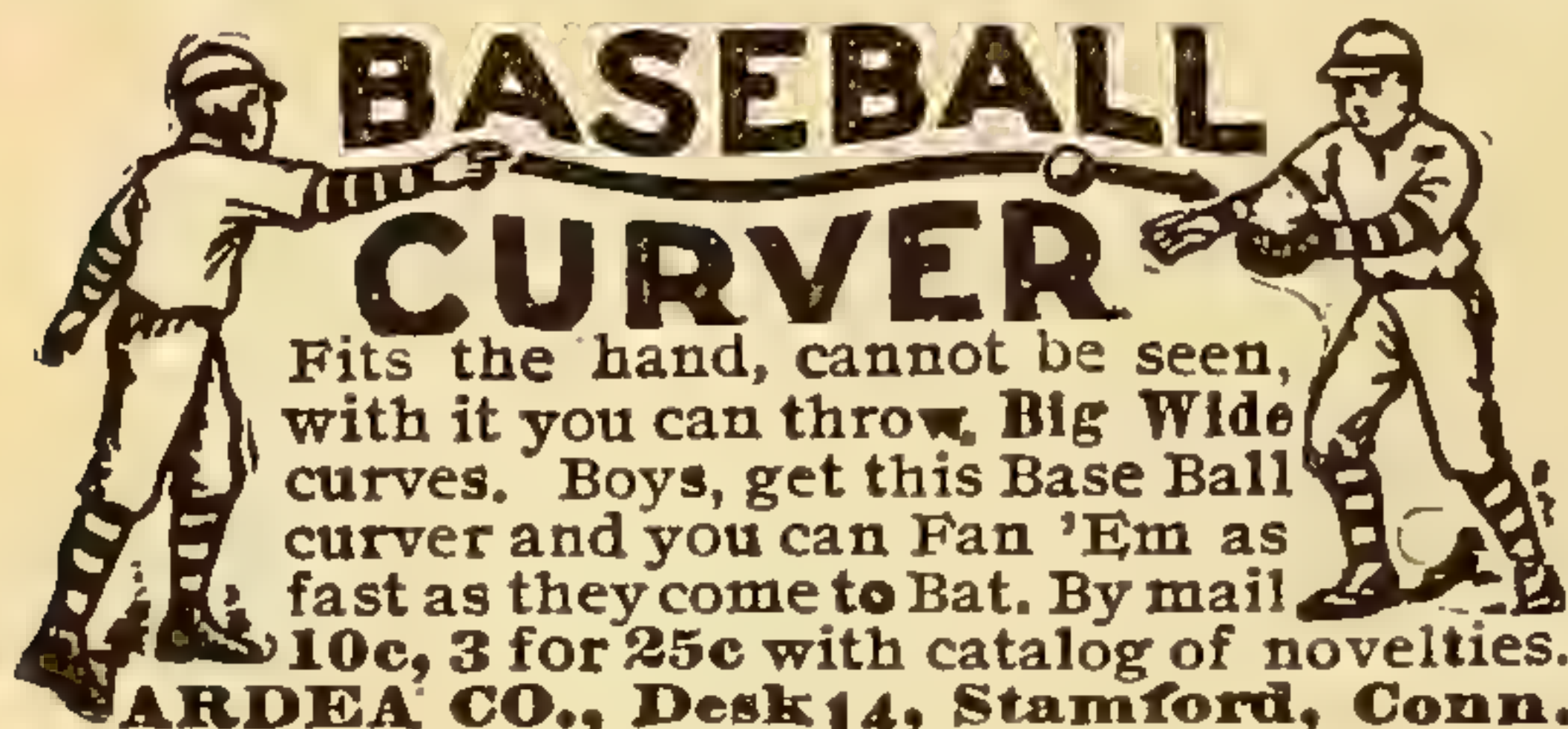


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## Lots of Boys Are Walking

IF there is one utterly good thing coming to us out of this war, it is that we are learning to understand our fellows. Having one of our own "Over There" gets our sympathies onto a practical working basis with the boys here.

This story doesn't relate exclusively to movie folks, but so many are in the service that it is likely to interest fans. There is a canteen of the National League for Women's Service at Thirty-ninth Street and Madison Avenue, in New York. It provides a substantial meal at noon and at night for twenty-five cents. It consists of soup, roast, three vegetables, salad and dessert. And between whiles, if needed, there are quick-lunch possibilities of ham and eggs. About 150 soldiers and sailors, our own and our allies, are served at each meal.

The canteen is presided over by seven lieutenants, one for each day of the week. They are women of independent means and executive ability. The officer-of-the-day has her own corps of helpers. Usually she chooses from her own social set those who have the time and can afford to serve without monetary compensation.

On one of the hot, hot August days an appeal came in to them from a neighboring canteen for extra help. An extra hundred had to be served on short notice. A few volunteered, and their co-workers willingly undertook the extra labor involved in their going. Some of the guests "caught on" and helped. The lieutenant for that day took the volunteers in her automobile, doing her own driving, up to the needy neighbor. And, as is usual in such cases, everything ended up all right.

Returning, this lieutenant, who is rather a great lady, head of a hospitable household where "help" is never a problem because workers are many, noticed two sailors who looked weary and friendless. She stopped to talk with them and presently took them on and gave them dinner at the canteen, for she had discovered they were San Diego survivors who had been unable to get a place to sleep.

You can think what you like of the luck of surviving, it's an involuntary honor that finds a man all unprepared. And it may be you think, because the need is so obvious, that surely there

must have been some place for housing them. The fact is, there was no such place. And it is also true that these boys of ours suffer much real hardship because war needs have grown so fast that they cannot all be met, unless each one of us appoints himself a committee of one and charges that committee with the duty of getting things done.

Individuals ought to forego their own sleep until any they know of that need shelter have been provided for. The Friends' meeting-house, opened one night last June as an emergency measure to shelter 150 needy ones, has been in use for these boys every Saturday, Sunday and holiday night since and is always full.

Do your bit.

## What the War Has Not Done to the Films

(Continued from page 6)

Lila Lee, Lasky's youngest star, has just finished "The Cruise of the Make-Believe" and has won the hearts of everyone in the studio, from the directors down to the prop men.

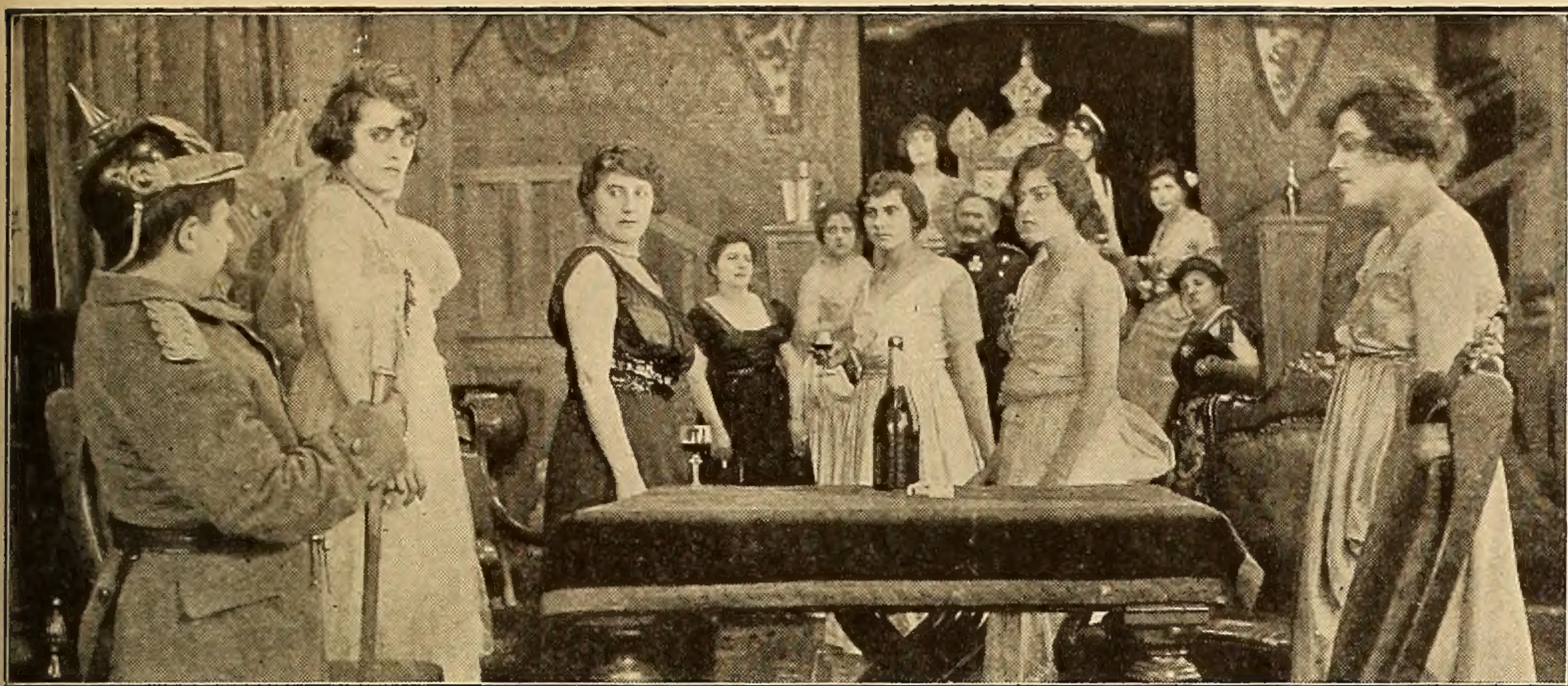
Douglas Fairbanks, instead of taking a rest after finishing the most restless of all his comedies, "Bound in Morocco," has plunged into "He Comes Up Smiling." Allan Dwan, his director, says it's good, though "somewhat quiet," probably meaning that he does not climb more than five church steeples, knock down more than ten bullies or rescue more than six damsels—in any one reel.

Dorothy Gish is terribly peeved, because, having made such a success of the militant little street gamin in "Hearts of the World," she is slated to fight her way through the rest of her screen career, bidding good-by forever to demureness and gentleness. She has commenced with "Battling Jane," who pummels through life with a bicycle, a grin and an adopted baby as her chief assets.

They had a wonderful time at the Chaplin studio when the Divine Sarah came out to visit "Charlot," as she calls him, while on her Orpheum tour. He was so fussed trying to talk French and understand Madame's English, that he almost forgot to turn out his toes and tip his hat in the subsequent scenes.

(Continued on page 32)





MOON COMEDIES

There is never a dull moment in "His Finish" from the time when the father of the girl institutes a contest between her rival suitors. She agrees to marry the one who devises the best method to catch the Kaiser.

## Could You Use an Extra Hundred Dollars?



THAT sum will buy a Liberty Bond, and here's an easy way for five of you to earn it. Five prizes, each \$100 cash, will be paid for criticisms of Moon Comedies, shown in most movie theaters of New York and vicinity. See them, write your criticism briefly, and send to "Contest Editor, Moon Comedies, care Sunshine Films, Inc., 126 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City, N. Y." Your full name and home address must be on the manuscript. The contest closes October 1st, and payment to the five fortunate ones will be made October 15th, 1918. The judges—Mr. M. Bingham, 22 North William Street, and Mr. S. Wald, 2653 Decatur Street, N. Y. City, and Mr. H. Jensen, 37-A Cooper St., Brooklyn—who have no connection with Sunshine Films, Inc., will designate the five most skillfully constructed criticisms. In order to compete it is not necessary to see these pictures. Pamphlets descriptive of comedies as they appear are obtainable free of charge at ticket offices of moving picture houses and at the above-mentioned office of Sunshine Films, Inc.



"Their Unexpected Job" pictures the fortunes—and misfortunes—of two alert comedians who read about the "Fight or Work" order, and do not feel like doing either. Their adventures include this entertainment in their honor given by the lady who aided in their supposed rescue from a submarine.

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## What the War Has Not Done to the Films

(Continued from page 30)

Besides, he has always nursed a secret hankering to play *Hamlet*, and the famous tragedienne's visit aggravated the longing. But brace up, Charlie; Madame Bernhardt said she wished she could do "zat walk, so drole, so fonnie"—

Out at the Sennett Fun Factory they are grinding out comedies at the rate of two a month. Polly Moran has left for Australia, giving as a parting message that she was tired of having her ears pulled out by the roots; so Ben Turpin, of the eccentric orbs, has lost a side-kicker. However, while Louise Fazenda remains, there is hope. She is one of the few girls who, being born to good looks, are not afraid to sacrifice them to the cause of art and laughter. She and Ford Sterling have just finished a hot-weather chaser called "The Summer Girls," with a bevy of bathing beauties, a herd of seal and a pelican named "Ralph."

Theda Bara, forsaking villainy for the time being, has plunged into comedy, and is assisted, in the present picture, by her sister, who is golden-haired and Theda-eyed, and by her namesake, a pet bear, which was given her by her regiment, "The Grizzlies," before they left for France. Her last feature, "Salome," will have a grand premiere in Los Angeles, September 9th, and Hooverizes on nothing but costumes—an economy which is Theda's specialty.

In passing, it might be well to mention that the movies *aren't* dead—yet.

## Stars I Have Suped With

(Continued from page 21)

five-dollar-a-day job before, although several others assured me that this individual had been taking five-dollar jobs for the last three years. A youth who said "I seen" and "we was" assured me he was a college graduate. But the most diverting bit of gossip I heard was that Mabel Normand, now a well-known star, had formerly gone on as an "extra"! She, too, should write an article!

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She (at the movie show)—What part do you like best?

He (as he puts his arm around her)—The close-ups.

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**D**OWN at Washington stands the Nation's capitol. It is more than a pile of stone. It is a monument to an idea: "The people *are* the Government." Under no other idea is there so great an opportunity to work out individual prosperity and individual happiness.

Back of the American idea suddenly has arisen the black menace of the opposing Prussian idea. Under it the people are not the Government. Under it the people live and prosper, or sacrifice and die, by grace of "Me und Gott."

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Our boys in France and Italy are the expression in military form of the people's own stern will. When Pershing speaks of them to President Wilson, he says, "Sir, *our* armies." The German soldiers are the servants of militarism. Of them Hindenburg says to the Kaiser, "Majesty, *your* armies."

The billions of dollars we are gathering here at home for military purposes have no taint of militarism on a single coin.

Germany began her war with no plans for elaborate taxation of her people; the Junkers expected to saddle the cost of the war upon quickly conquered nations. Not so does a free people make war! From the start we have gone down into our own pockets for every cent we expend; we have never thought of taking; we have thought only of spending our blood and our treasure to protect our ideal of free national life.

The menace of Hindenburg makes no American tremble. But it makes us grit our teeth and either fight or give! What the Government (which is the people) wants to borrow, we, the people, as individuals will lend.

The menace of Hindenburg shall cease to exist in the world even as a shadow; and we shall return to our individual pursuits under the protection of our national ideal successfully defended; and, please God, other nations, as the result of this struggle, shall join us and our already free Allies in the enjoyment of our blood-bought and blood-held freedom.

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DR. QUINN AT HIS PIANO.

From the Famous Sketch by Schneider, Exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition.

## Finger Action Shown by Moving Pictures

With Dr. Quinn's fifth lesson, he sends you another important and **exclusive** invention, Quinn-Dex, a mechanical "movie." It shows you visually every movement of Dr. Quinn's wrists, hands and fingers at the keyboard. **You see the fingers move**, just as if thrown on the moving picture screen. Correct finger movements are **vitaly important**, and you will find that Dr. Quinn's movements are **many years in advance** of those usually taught. Furthermore, you do not have to reproduce Dr. Quinn's movements from **MEMORY**—which naturally cannot always be accurate. Instead, you have the correct models right before your eyes during every minute of practise. You follow them minutely and exactly, without any chance of error or misunderstanding. Whereas, **without** Quinn-Dex, and by all other methods, much of your time would be unavoidably spent in correcting bad habits acquired through faulty practise. This discourages more students and wastes more time than any other single difficulty. Quinn-Dex does away with it **entirely**. You cannot obtain anything like Quinn-Dex except from Dr. Quinn. Moving pictures have **never before** been applied to piano instruction. Quinn-Dex is operated easily and simply by hand, and even a child can successfully use it. Quinn-Dex is fully explained in the free booklet "How To Learn Piano or Organ." Write to-day.

## Old-Fashioned Methods Doomed

The old way of studying with a so-called "private teacher" by the "oral" method is rapidly being discarded, and anybody can see why. If you want a teacher "all to yourself" and yet can afford only \$1. to \$5. per lesson, it goes without saying that you can obtain only third-rate instruction. No true authority could give you his entire, **exclusive** attention for so small a fee. On the other hand, by enrolling with this Conservatory and joining Dr. Quinn's Personal Instruction Class you obtain high-grade instruction, and as much of Dr. Quinn's time as you **really need**, at less than 43 cents a lesson. This rate is **just one-half** the Conservatory's standard fee and is made for a **short time only**, in connection with our Twenty-Fifth Anniversary.

By the old-fashioned "oral" method at least half your "private teacher's" time is absolutely **thrown away** in giving you instructions which could just as easily be put into writing. Of course, you can't remember a **quarter** of what he tells you, so most of your next lesson is taken up going over the same material again. This truly sinful waste is entirely done away with by Dr. Quinn's scientific Written Method. Your instructions are all **in writing** for reference any time, day or night. Nothing is forgotten, nor unnecessarily repeated. Your share of Dr. Quinn's time can then be used in the way that does you the most **real benefit**. In all truly **essential** ways you will be in closer touch with him than if he were instructing you by the "oral" system. The "oral" system has long ago been abandoned in teaching all other great Arts and Sciences and it is doomed in Music as well.

## Learn At Home, In Spare Time

In thoroughness and in the subjects covered, Dr. Quinn's Course corresponds to the usual three-year term of study. Yet it can easily be mastered in seventy-five weeks, and many students finish it in **less than a year**. The Course is entirely different from all others, not only in the exclusive features already mentioned, but in many other ways as well. No matter where you live, you can get full benefit from the Course. Dr. Quinn has many fine students in South America, Africa, the Philippines, Australia, Europe, Asia and Cuba, as well as in the United States, Canada and Mexico. We will gladly refer you to **any number** of our graduates who will soon convince you of the satisfying results they obtained from Dr. Quinn.

## Investigate Without Cost

The Course is for either beginners or experienced players, from 15 to over 60 years of age. Men and women who have failed by all other methods have quickly and easily attained success when studying with Dr. Quinn. You can progress as rapidly or as slowly as you wish. Earn money by professional playing or by giving lessons to others, if you desire, even before you complete the Course. All necessary music is included **without extra charge**. Diploma and degree granted. The free booklet "How To Learn Piano or Organ" contains 64 pages of interesting and valuable information about learning piano. It fully explains Dr. Quinn's system, gives the records of his students and many testimonials from well-known people. It tells you of the Conservatory's Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Offer by which you can obtain Dr. Quinn's lessons at half the usual Tuition Fee if you act promptly. Investigate without cost or obligation by writing for the booklet. It is absolutely **free**.

**MARCUS LUCIUS QUINN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC**

Studio ZW, Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.

